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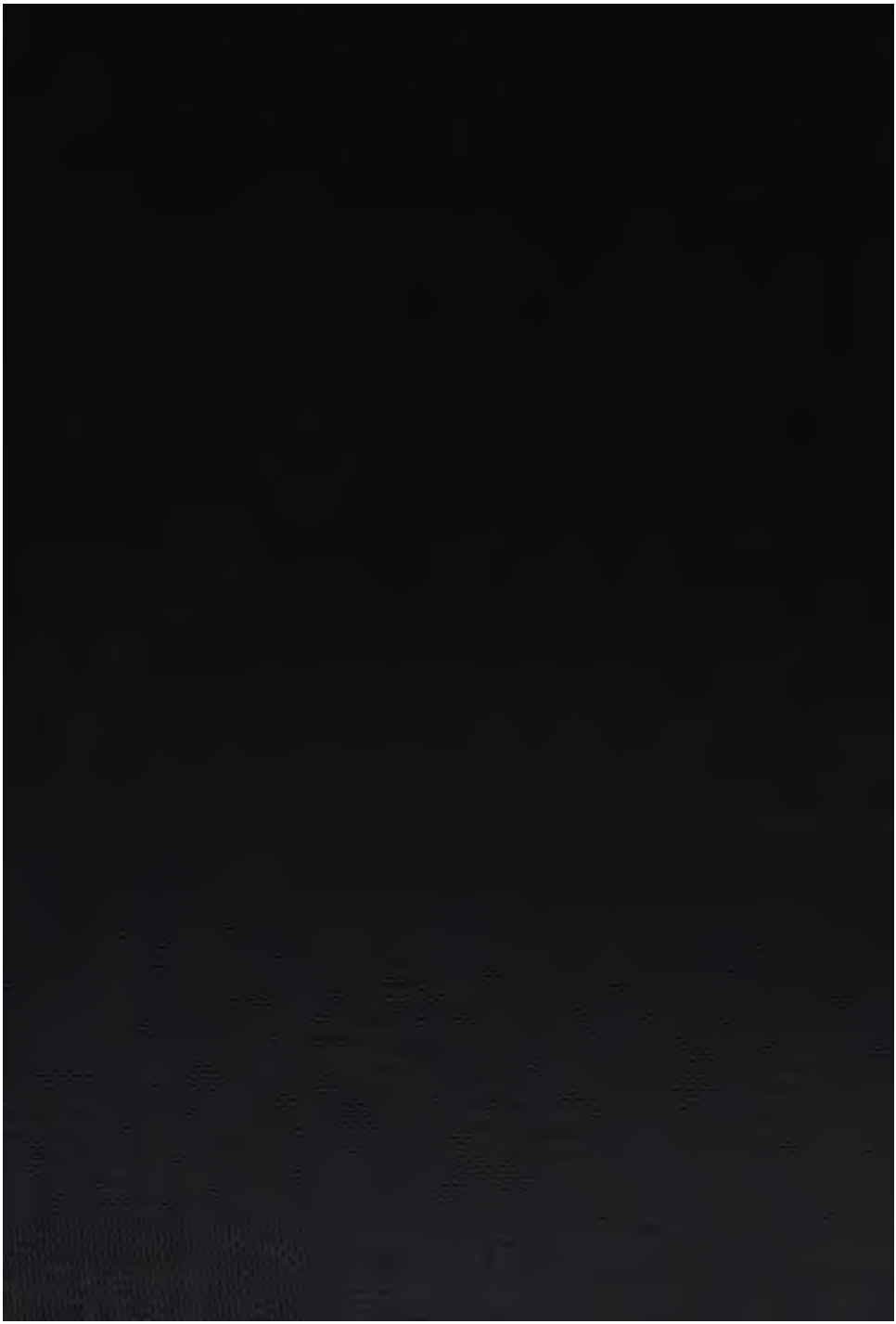

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**"There dashed suddenly past us, in the rear of the blazing fire, a white horse bearing a gigantic female form with flowing garments and long white hair."**

# JOHN'S ALIVE;

OR,

# THE BRIDE OF A GHOST,

AND

## OTHER SKETCHES.


BY

MAJOR JONES, OF PINEVILLE, GA.,

AUTHOR OF "MAJOR JONES'S COURTSHIP," "MAJOR JONES'S TRAVELS," ETC., ETC.


*TEN ORIGINAL FULL-PAGE ILLUSTRATIONS,*

BY H. T. CARISS.

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PHILADELPHIA:

DAVID McKAY,

No. 23 SOUTH NINTH STREET.

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# PREFACE.

THE sketches of which this book is composed, were written by the late Colonel William T. Thompson, whose reputation as the author of the inimitable and popular *Major Jones's Courtship* is national.

They are based upon incidents of his personal experience, and were prepared by him to pass away a few leisure hours.

After his death, these sketches were carefully sought for, and collected as a labor of love, by his daughter, Mrs. M. A. Wade, who conceived the idea of publishing them in their present shape.

The sketches, while written in a humorous vein, are not in the rustic Georgia dialect, and the style is somewhat different from that adopted in the work that made the name of "Major Jones" famous; nevertheless his friends will have no difficulty in recognizing in them the creations of the same genius.

With the hope and confidence that the sketches will meet with a kind and pleasurable reception from the public at large on their literary merit, it is believed that

many will find an additional interest in the historical incidents related of the Florida campaign against the Seminole Indians, in which the author was a participant. The pathetic background of truth, but half hidden behind the humorous fancies of the writer, will add much to their value in the eyes of those who would find instruction even in their hours of recreation.

# CONTENTS.

JOHN'S ALIVE, OR THE BRIDE OF A GHOST; BEING A TRUE HISTORY OF TRUE LOVE.

PAGE

CHAPTER I.—John commences his narrative—Declines giving the usual pedigree, but sets off at once with his story—Offers a plea in extenuation of his prevailing faults—A brief allusion to his youth—A description of his first and only love—Elysian days—Rivalry—Coquetry—Jealousy—Lovers' quarrels—The party—Mr. Thaw's Daguerreotype—The caricature—Hitting a profile—The ladies' man—Blighted hopes—Despondency, . 17

CHAPTER II.—John's malady increases until it becomes a settled melancholy—Lackadaisical philosophy—Revenge meditated—Thoughts of suicide—Funeral procession—The graveyard—A plan conceived—The farewell letter—Graveyard at midnight—The doctors surprised—The interview—Bribery—The resurrection—The Dutchman and the corpse—Drowning by proxy, . . . . . 34

CHAPTER III.—John's compunctions of conscience—The announcement in the papers—Wavers in his purpose—conflicting emotions—Attends his own funeral—Makes many interesting observations there—Determines to leave Philadelphia—His departure for New York—Doleful reflections—Sails for New Orleans—Sea-sickness—The dandy—The lieutenant's remedy—John's preventive—Happy effects of the voyage, . . . 45

PAGE

CHAPTER IV.—John tries merchandising in New Orleans—Soon relapses into his former despondency—Seeks to "drown it in the bowl"—Gets into a fight on the levee—is lodged in the Calaboose—With difficulty obtains his release—Fortunes at a low ebb—Sans money, sans friends, sans everything—Enlists in the army of General Gaines—Sails for Florida—Improved state of feeling, the effect of hard marching—Human nature with the bark off—Camp courtesy—Dade's battle-ground—John's partiality for the General expressed, . . . . . 59

CHAPTER V.—The Withlacoochee—The first fight—John's peculiar sensations on that occasion—The second encounter—Attack in the breastworks—The music of a rifle-ball an exception to the rule—Seminole dentistry—Battle at night—John is wounded—Short rations and hard fighting—Desperate onset—The armistice—The council—A dainty morsel—The surprise—The relief—Return to Camp Smith, . . . . . 68

CHAPTER VI.—John becomes weary of camp life—Expedient for relieving its monotony—The hunting party—Florida scenery—A mimic Eden—The rural lounge—Thoughts of pastoral life—Influence of association—Mankind an element—Pastoral recreation—The attack—The escape—Night in the swamp—Search for the camp—The surprise—The chase—John becomes amphibious, . . . . . 76

CHAPTER VII.—John emerges from his concealment—Fever—Delirium—Insensibility—Recovery—Despondency—Reviving Influence of the brightening dawn—Morning repast—A new feeling—His wanderings—Second night in the wilderness—Dreams—The evening gun—Arrival at the St. Johns—Joyful emotions on first reaching the army—Surgical operation—Rule for estimating degrees of pain—Recovery—Reflections upon the past—Reformation resolved upon—Return to Philadelphia, . . . . . 89

PAGE

CHAPTER VIII.—John determines to reconnoitre before making himself known—Ascertains that his family are all still living—Visits Mary's residence—Discovers his old rival in the act of pressing his suit—The ghost acts an important part—Mr. Thaw's encounter with the ghost—His discomfiture, . . 100

CHAPTER IX.—John begins to apprehend that he is carrying the joke too far—Seeks an interview with an old friend—With difficulty establishes his own identity, and engages him to prepare his family for his reception—The meeting—Convinces Mary that he is no ghost—Discovers a new relative—The wedding-day appointed—Two grooms to one bride—The wedding—The ghost again—The astonished parson—The explanation—The Consummation—The end, . . . . . 113

GOING ASHORE, . . . . . 125

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE FLORIDA CAMPAIGN OF 1836.

NUMBER ONE.—The Alarm, . . . . . 139

NUMBER TWO.—Return from the prairie—Moonlight scene—Burial of the dead, . . . . . 148

NUMBER THREE.—Picket guard—Stormy night—Snug quarters—Patrick Fagan and the Georgia Stag, . . . . . 159

NUMBER FOUR.—Fort Drane—Night in camp—Patrick Fagan and Phelim O'Brien—Johnny Hogan and the ghost, . . 175

NUMBER FIVE.—The General's horse, . . . . . 187

WHAT HAPPENED IN THE SUGAR CAMPS OF THE MAHONING VALLEY, . . . . . 197

THE BURGLARS OF IOLA; A FRONTIER SKETCH.

CHAPTER I., . . . . . 219

CHAPTER II., . . . . . 233

CHAPTER III., . . . . . 242

CHAPTER IV., . . . . . 254

# LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.


PAGE

"There dashed suddenly past us, in the rear of the blazing fire, a white horse bearing a gigantic female form with flowing garments and long white hair," . . . . Frontispiece.

"I'll try my hand at your profile," . . . . . 30

"Ain't this ship turning around, mister?" . . . . . 54

"I grasped him by the ankles and . . . tossed him into the street," 108

"John's alive! I exclaimed, as the door flew open," . . . 121

"A faint 'Oh Lordy!' from Mr. Hill was succeeded by a cry of 'man overboard,'" . . . . . 133

"A form, whose snowy whiteness was even discernible in the darkness of the night, came crawling out at the open end of the barrel," . . . . . 165

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Fagan," . . . . . 170

"Sthop, gintlemen, its all gone; divil the drop's left in the world," 179

"Good morning, to your night-cap," . . . . . 252

# JOHN'S ALIVE

OR

# THE BRIDE OF A GHOST:

BEING

# A TRUE HISTORY OF TRUE LOVE.

## CHAPTER I.

John commences his narrative—Declines giving the usual pedigree, but sets off at once with his story—Offers a plea in extenuation of his prevailing faults—A brief allusion to his youth—A description of his first and only love—Elysian days—Rivalry—Coquetry—Jealousy—Lovers' quarrels—The party—Mr. Thaw's Daguerreotype—The caricature—Hitting a profile—The lady's man—Blighted hopes—Despondency.

I KNOW that it is customary, in writing one's own narrative, for the author to set out with what might be called a complete pedigree of himself; or, in other words, to put his readers to sleep over a detailed and circumstantial account of his life, birth, parentage, etc. But as I write neither for honor nor profit, but am prompted solely by the desire of doing good to others, by exhibiting to the world the consequences resulting from the unrestricted indulgence

of a rash, impetuous temper, I shall dispense with a formality which I conceive would add nothing to the character or interest of the following veritable history, and leaving my venerable ancestors to repose in the peaceful oblivion to which mortality has long since consigned them, shall proceed to cultivate an acquaintance with the reader on my own account.

I do not deserve, nor do I expect, gentle reader, to escape your censure. I know that your good sense will often be shocked at my rashness and folly; and I take this early opportunity of putting in, as a plea in extenuation of my greatest foible—my stubborn waywardness of disposition—the fact that I was the only son of fond and far too indulgent parents, and that the sad experience and extraordinary vicissitudes through which I have passed, were probably as necessary to teach me that degree of humility which should temper the disposition of every rational being, as is the training and chastening which others receive in early life, from their more discreet and well-judging guardians. Though you will doubtless feel constrained to condemn the spirit which prompted many of my acts and the judgment which dictated others, I trust that you will concede in the end that I have received my full deserts.

Before proceeding with my narrative, it will be necessary to premise that I was born in Philadelphia, as that city of "Brotherly Love," as it is often miscalled, is to be the theatre of much of my eventful history. With the reader's

permission—and I take it for granted—I will skip over a period of about sixteen years, during which time, as a matter of course, I passed through the various vicissitudes of babyhood, childhood, and boyhood, and leaving the recollections of that happy period of my existence where they are, enshrined in the inmost recesses of my heart, amid the brightest memories of the past, I will take up the thread of my hapless story at that period of my life, when the bitter waters of experience first became mingled in my sparkling cup of dreamy hopes.

I had reached my seventeenth year, and not a single incident had occurred to cast a shadow upon the bright sunshine of my existence. At that period the future was, as it ever is with youth, all bright and glowing—in the past there was nothing to regret, and the present was but the ecstasy of unalloyed enjoyment. But, ah! how little does he know of the wild tempest and rugged waves he is doomed to encounter in his voyage upon life's ocean, who turns his tiny sail upon the glassy tide, and watches the gentle ripple of the placid river playing in the sunbeam.

As I have said, I was in my seventeenth year, when—I fell in love! Start not, gentle reader—for though love was the rock upon which I split, the catastrophe is more to be attributed to my own unskilful navigation, than to the dangers of the ocean upon which my barque was launched. It is an old saying that "the course of true love never did run smooth." Mine was a case in point, and I will leave it to

the reader's candor to say whether the progress of my affair does not abundantly verify the adage.

My Mary was an object to love. In person she was the very embodiment of youthful perfection—in mind all I could wish—and in disposition, so kind, so confiding, so amiable!—to know her was to love her. We had grown up together—our families had long been intimate, and as she had no brother, I had, when we were children, filled the place of one in her regard, and now that we were older, that feeling had strengthened to a still more tender sentiment, and that sentiment was mutual. She became my idol—the theme of my constant thought. Her society was my only enjoyment—I sought no other, and was only completely happy when in her presence, or when, in her absence, I cherished the fond belief that she felt towards me the same devoted, jealous attachment. Mary was but just entering her fifteenth year. She had not as yet made her *entrée* into society, and of course had not yet inhaled the pestilential atmosphere of fashion. She knew not yet what it was to be admired—to be flattered, and her ingenuous heart had never counted the power of her superior charms, nor throbbed to the emotion of female vanity.

Such was the gentle creature to whom I had plighted my faith, and from whom I had received a vow in return to be none other's but mine. Is it to be wondered that I loved her ardently? We were young, but we looked forward with bright anticipation to the period when our

union was to be consummated; and when, arm-in-arm we sauntered through Washington Square, or strolled by the banks of the Schuylkill, beneath the bright moonlight, we spoke of the future with the same frankness with which we had plighted our mutual loves.

A year of such Elysian days passed speedily off; but we were now no longer children. We had made our *debut*, and as we yielded to the requirements of fashionable life, in our deportment before the world, I did not fail to notice a material change in the character of my Mary. She seemed to receive my marked attentions, especially when in company with others of her sex, with an air of triumph, and to delight, whenever opportunity presented, in awakening my suspicion of her want of fidelity and attachment. Such was my jealous nature that I not unfrequently manifested my displeasure on such occasions. Indeed I was too selfish in my passion to allow her that freedom of action which her own good sense informed her she had a right to enjoy, and which prudence and common delicacy dictated that she should exercise. Frequently were my feelings wrought upon, when in truth there was but slight cause; and as often what are called "lovers' quarrels" ensued between us, which, of course, as all such quarrels do, ended in renewed protestations of immutable attachment from both.

"John," said she one evening, as we were returning from a music party, which we had attended at Fairmount, "what makes you so serious?"

"Oh, nothing," I replied, with a suppressed sigh, as if I thought more than I felt disposed to say.

"Ah, John, you are too jealous," said Mary, with an ominous shake of her pretty head.

"Jealous!—oh, no, I'm not jealous; I'm the last man to be jealous. What makes you think so?"

"Why, you seemed so melancholy all the evening, after I sung that duet with Mr. Thaw."

"P'shaw! you only thought so; that was nothing to be melancholy about."

"Yes, you did—the girls all said so; and you don't know how they plagued me about it. They said you looked like you could eat him up."

"Well, I don't like that Thaw; he's so impudent and such a consummate dandy."

"He sings beautifully though; doesn't he?"

"He sings like a strolling player," I remarked, with affected indifference.

"And then he's so graceful!"

"He has some mountebank flourishes," replied I, with difficulty concealing my agitation.

"Well, he's pretty."

That was enough! I could have strangled him had he been before me at that moment. It was not the first time he had aroused my jealousy, and he had rendered himself peculiarly annoying to me during the past evening. Then, to hear such compliments lavished upon him by her, was

more than I could bear. We walked some distance before I could sufficiently subdue my feelings to utter a reply. Then, in a voice that betrayed my agitation, I remarked—

"Perhaps, Miss Mary, new faces appear to better advantage than those that have grown familiar. It may do for faces, but I would advise you to adopt a different rule when you come to make a choice of hearts."

"*Miss Mary!*" she exclaimed, and casting her large blue eyes to my face, with an arch smile. You are not jealous, then—ah, no, you're the last man to be jealous! Now, what did I tell you, John? You *are* jealous, and of Mr. Thaw, whom I never saw before this evening." Then, assuming a soft and more serious tone, she continued, "John, do you think—"

"I didn't think you were in earnest, I interrupted," my respiration coming freer, and my heart leaping with glad emotions as I pressed the little hand that had somehow or other become locked in mine.

"Ah, John, you *were* jealous, and you ought to be—"

"I'm convinced, my dear Mary, and—"

"You ought to be *ashamed*, I mean. Why, the green-eyed monster will eat you up before we're married, if there is any truth in Shakespeare."

I confessed the truth, but plead my love for her in extenuation of my fault, and promised never to be jealous again. "But," I continued, "you must promise me that

you will give no more encouragement to Thaw. He knows I despise him, and seeks to annoy me by thrusting himself in your society."

"I must treat him with politeness, you know, so long as he is respectful to me. But as to any farther consideration from me, he has as little to hope as you have to fear."

Thus ended one of our many quarrels. We were soon at her father's residence, a neat little cottage near the upper end of Arch Street, and, as it was late, I parted with her at the door, and directed my steps homeward, with a light heart, since I no longer regarded beau Thaw as a rival in the affections of the angelic being I had just left.

But I was not long to enjoy the delightful calm to my fears, which succeeded. The truth is, I had by my own indiscretion contributed to spoil one of the sweetest tempers that ever was perverted and ruined by admiration and flattery, and I now began to suffer the consequences of my folly. Mary *did* derive a secret pleasure from teasing me. Like most of her sex who possess any claim to personal beauty, she was not entirely destitute of vanity, and like far too many, could not resist the temptation to gratify that vanity, by testing the power of those charms, even at the cost of the severest inflictions upon my feelings. Many were the little coquetries and mischievous flirtations in order to exhibit the abject vassalage in which she held my

affections; and many and severe were the tests to which her arts had subjected me.

One evening, not long after our Fairmount excursion, I accompanied Mary to the house of an acquaintance, where a large number of young ladies and gentlemen were assembled. On entering the parlor, I was not a little annoyed at hearing the squeaking voice of Mr. Thaw, who was striding about the room, bowing and scraping, grinning and chattering, as if he desired to monopolize the attention of all the ladies present. But I was still more vexed soon after, by his incessant attentions to Mary, who, I thought, considering what had passed between us in relation to that gentleman, was entirely too affable in her encouragement of those attentions. It was not a dancing party, but one of those social evening assemblies at which young people generally engage in unmeaning plays and romps, fit only for children, or pass the time in exchanging "small talk," for neither of which amusements I had much relish, but, with a view of making myself as agreeable as possible, I adopted the latter as the choice of two evils. I, however, soon found it impossible to entertain even Mary, while Mr. Thaw was the master of ceremonies. He was perfectly *au fait* in all the little games usually performed on such occasions, and introduced many new fooleries, much to the gratification of the company. And then he was such a ready poet, and could say,

"Well, here I be,
Under this tree,
Miss Mary C.,
Come and kiss me,"

in a style so unique, and always had something so pithy to whisper in the ladies' ears, and made such rare comparisons, that he soon became the "observed of all observers," totally eclipsing every other gallant in the room. Mary readily comprehended the expression of my countenance. A single look of reproach from me, and a few of her new admirer's prettiest compliments sufficed to excite her vanity; and, encouraged by Mr. Thaw, she had in the course of the evening wrought me up to such a pitch of jealousy that it was with difficulty I could restrain my emotion in the presence of the company.

As it grew late, and after all the usual amusements had been exhausted, the company became seated around the room. Conversation was flagging, when Mr. Thaw, in the exuberance of his inventive genius, struck upon a novel plan of entertaining the company for an hour longer.

"Ladies," said he, "perhaps you have not heard of the new science recently invented, called the Daguerreotype. I can assure you that it is a very wonderful art, by which we are enabled to portray the human face divine (here he hemmed once) with the most marvellous accuracy. I shall be very happy to explain the principle by taking copies of some of the beautiful faces, the brilliancy of whose charms

illuminate this room." After which speech, he cast a conceited look around the room, as much as to say, "that's me."

"Oh, you do flatter the ladies so much, Mr. Thaw," remarked the ugliest girl in the room.

Mr. Thaw bowed and smiled, and brought his hand to his lips, then placed it upon his heart and bowed again. "The truth is no flattery, Miss Julia," said he.

Miss Julia primped her mouth and smiled back at Mr. Thaw.

"Light and shade are the principles of the science," continued Mr. Thaw, with the air of a modern lecturer, "and though it has not yet been brought to perfection, enough is known to establish the great utility of the art. I will illustrate it to you, ladies, if you please."

Mr. Thaw then took a sheet of white paper from the table and tacking it to the papered wall, requested one of the ladies to sit for her profile, the outline of which he traced with a crayon-pencil as it was reflected upon the paper. Thus Mr. Thaw went on illustrating the Daguerreotype, accompanying his performances with a torrent of silly gab, at which the ladies laughed exceedingly, until nearly all the company had been supplied with their profiles. He was quite skilful with the pencil, and though he occasionally amused himself by slightly caricaturing some of the gentlemen, most of his profiles were well drawn.

At length I was pressed in my turn to sit for my profile,

and as none had refused I could not well decline. The light was placed in its proper position, and Mr. Thaw commenced to adjust my head in a suitable attitude.

"Hold up your head, if you please, Mr. Smith," said he, in a very polite tone; "turn your face a little more to the left—a le-e-tle more, if you please—there, that will do, now shut your mouth, if you please, Mr. Smith,—that's it, now hold steady, Mr. Smith."

All was quite still, and I could hear the scratching of the pencil upon the paper. Presently I heard a suppressed laugh, which seemed to pervade the whole company.

"Don't move, if you please, Mr. Smith, or you'll spoil it," said Mr. Thaw.

My position was such that I could not see him without moving my head. Mary was sitting directly before me, and I observed her face became flushed as the laughing increased. I thought she looked excited. In a few moments Mr. Thaw announced that it was done.

"Ladies and gentlemen," continued he, "what do you think of the likeness?"

I turned, and beheld him pointing to the picture of an ass's head, with ponderous ears, and mouth distended, as if in the act of braying. The blood rushed to my temples, but the whole company were convulsed with laughter, and with a second thought I endeavored to laugh too, though it was decidedly an up-hill business. My ears burned, and I thought my laugh sounded more like a bray—it cer-

(30) **"I'll try my hand at your profile."**

tainly did not come from the fountain of mirth; but I might have forced it for a time perhaps, had not the triumphant artist, in the vehemence of his exultation, carried the joke a little too far. Observing Mary, who was laughing with the rest, he remarked, holding up the drawing to view:

"I must have your opinion, Miss Mary; don't you think I've hit the gentleman's features?"

"Oh, of course, I think it a capital likeness," exclaimed Mary, turning toward me with a searching look.

Thaw chuckled at her reply, with a meaning grin which I well comprehended. This was too much—my blood hissed in my veins. Choking with rage, I exclaimed: "*I'll try my hand at your profile,*" and with *a blow full in the face,* I sent the gentleman sprawling among the chairs and tables.

There was a sudden rush, and a loud scream from the ladies. The aspect of affairs was changed in an instant.

"Why, John!" exclaimed Mary, grasping me by the arm, after the first panic had somewhat subsided, "why, John, I'm astonished at you!"

I already regretted what I had done, but it was too late. I had disfigured Mr. Thaw's profile, and my rage had changed to chagrin. I grasped my hat, while Mr. Thaw, with his handkerchief to his bleeding nose, was muttering something about "d—d ungenteel in the presence of ladies, pistols at ten paces," etc., to which I made no reply, but

passed to the door, amidst the confusion I had occasioned. The ladies were throwing on their shawls and bonnets. Mary followed me to the door. I turned from her.

"John," she asked, in an earnest tone of voice, "are you going?"

"Yes," I replied doggedly.

"John!" repeated Mary, with something of supplication in her tone.

"Never mind, Miss Mary," I replied, "you nor Mr. Thaw shall ever make a laughing-stock of me again."

And with this sullen speech I walked off, leaving her to get home as best she might.

Through the interposition of my sisters, who were Mary's most intimate friends, I had an interview with her on the following evening, but I was in no mood to effect a reconciliation with her upon equitable terms. I upbraided her with her want of fidelity, which I considered was abundantly evinced by her partiality for Mr. Thaw, and calling to my aid all the firmness of my stubborn nature, I assured her that I was determined no longer to be the dupe of a heartless coquette.

At first the ingenuous girl endeavored to explain her conduct on the previous evening, denying any agency in Mr. Thaw's attempt to throw me into ridicule, and expressing her disapprobation of that gentleman's general deportment; but finding that I was disposed to attach an importance to her acts which she conceived they did not merit, and that

in my pique I required her to make acknowledgments too humiliating for her to concede, her spirit became aroused, and I suddenly beheld my once gentle, simple-hearted Mary transformed into the proud and indignant belle.

I soon discovered that my selfish jealousy together with my impetuous temper had urged me to an unjustifiable extremity, and the consciousness that I deserved to lose the esteem of her I loved added its poignancy to my feelings. To increase my mortification, my evil genius Thaw, so soon as he had recovered from his black eye, renewed his officious attentions to Mary, and seemed to derive satisfaction for the injury I had done him, by exulting in the ruin he had wrought to my peace and happiness. Mr. Thaw was precisely what is meant by the term "*a ladies' man.*" I will not attempt a particular description of him, for who has not seen a ladies' man? The genus is confined to no particular meridian, and their distinguishing characteristics are too well known as the opposites of everything manly and noble, to need a description. Though by no means good-looking, he possessed all the requisite qualifications of an accomplished dandy, and having mingled much in female society, and studied well the art of pleasing the young and giddy of the sex, it is not to be wondered that I regarded his attentions to Mary with a suspicious eye; or that she found it difficult to repulse them, even though she held his character in contempt. Now that I was no longer her gallant, and we had absolved each other from our early vows, and

exchanged rings and tokens, he became the ready instrument of her wounded pride, which prompted her to receive his addresses with much apparent satisfaction, when indeed she detested him from the bottom of her heart. For a time I affected the utmost indifference at the success of my rival; but a canker was gnawing at my heart which soon unmanned me of my strength, and I could no longer disguise the intensity of my suffering. I felt indeed the truth of Bulwer's beautiful lines:

"There is no anguish like the hour,
Whatever else befall us,
When one the heart has raised to power
Asserts it but to gall us."

---

## CHAPTER II.

John's malady increases until it becomes a settled melancholy—Lackadaisical philosophy—Revenge meditated—Thoughts of suicide—Funeral procession—The graveyard—A plan conceived—The farewell letter—Graveyard at midnight—The doctors surprised—The interview—Bribery—The resurrection—The Dutchman and the corpse—Drowning by proxy.

In vain did mutual friends seek to effect a reconciliation. If I was obdurate and sullen, Mary was not less proud and unyielding; and time only settled deeper and deeper the

sad melancholy to which I had become utterly abandoned. No exertion of my own, nor the playful railleries or friendly sympathies of my intimates could dispel the gloomy despondency of my thoughts. Constitutionally of a sombre cast of mind, my meditations tended greatly to increase my mental malady, until my family began to entertain fears for my recovery. Already had my health begun to fail, and it was seriously contemplated to submit me to medical treatment. But I did not desire convalescence. I began to enjoy a secret satisfaction in the thought that, let what might be the consequence, the worse the calamity, the more complete would be my revenge upon the treacherous fair one who had caused my distress.

I agree with you, reader, that I was very silly for entertaining such a thought or for allowing myself to become such a very Lackaday. But as that prince of lovers very gravely observes, "Human natur's human natur, Mr. Curtis;" and such was my *natur*—the peculiar bent of my disposition. If, like him or me, you were ever "balked in your perspiring passion," you will be the better able to appreciate my feelings, and the more disposed to view my weakness with charity.

One gloomy afternoon I rose from my seat before the grate,—from which I had poked the last blackening coal, as I sat meditating upon the various modes of suicide,—and, pressing my hat nearly over my eyes, walked out into the street, and with my hands in my pockets, and my chin

upon my breast, sauntered on, I cared not whither. What a glorious revenge it would be, thought I, as I pursued my ramble, to drown myself, and then haunt the cruel girl that had caused me such pain. But could ghosts return to this world? That was an important question. And then I wondered how it would feel to jump into the river at that season of the year. This problem was more readily solved by means of an illustration, for the next moment I stepped plash into the gutter, which was running ankle-deep with cold water! There was an end of my project of drowning, unless it might be done by proxy, which, after a little reflection, I discovered was by no means impracticable; and, as I only wished to indulge my revenge, such an expedient would answer my purpose infinitely better than if I were to put an end to my life in reality. I had only to deposit a portion of my clothing upon the wharf, to write a letter to Mary, declaring my intention, and to absent myself from the city, in order to establish my death, and then, should she relent, I would be alive to enjoy my triumph. My mind was made up to the deed, and my thoughts were busied in arranging the preliminaries, when I was startled from my reverie by coming in contact with a lengthy funeral procession. I was just in the vein to attend a funeral, and as it passed, I fell into the train, without knowing whose mortal remains I was following to their long home.

As we proceeded to Ronaldson's beautiful burying-ground, I learned that the deceased was a young man of

my acquaintance, who had died rather suddenly on the day previous. He was about my own age, and what was a little singular, we resembled each other so exactly in appearance, that those who were best acquainted with us could scarcely tell one from the other. He had lived in a different part of the city, and we were only slightly acquainted, but the circumstance of our near resemblance excited my sympathy for his death, and I was perhaps not the least sincere among the numerous train of mourners who attended him to the grave. After the solemn ceremony of depositing the body in the family vault was concluded, I lingered by the place so well suited to the gloomy tenor of my thoughts, and did not observe the departure of the procession. It was long after the sexton had closed the gates, and not until the marble monuments began to throw their lengthened shadows upon the cold ground, that I discovered that I was alone in that solemn place. Suddenly arousing from my gloomy reverie I followed round the wall in search of a place by which to escape until I arrived at the northeast corner, where I discovered a board placed against the wall, by means of which I was enabled to gain the street. That board, which had doubtless been placed there by some resurrectionist, suggested an idea which capped the climax of the scheme upon which I had been meditating when my attention was attracted by the funeral, and I resolved at once to put my plan in execution that very night.

Accordingly I returned home, and going to my solitary room, wrote a long letter to Mary, in which, after recurring in a very feeling manner to the many happy hours I had spent in her society, when I had indulged the fond hope that my love for her was not unrequited, I poured forth the agony of my present feelings in a strain of eloquence which only the bitterness of my deep despair could prompt. Then invoking the choicest blessings upon her, I freely forgave her past conduct towards me, bade her an affectionate adieu, and concluded with the assurance that, ere she broke the seal of my farewell letter, the hand that inscribed it, and the heart that dictated it, would lie cold beneath the flood.

Leaving this precious production upon my table, duly addressed to "Miss Mary Carson, Arch Street," I muffled myself in my cloak and sallied forth, unobserved by any member of the family, who, perhaps, owing to my strange deportment, had for some weeks past endeavored to keep a close watch upon my movements. I directed my steps to the old Drawbridge, where I purchased a suit of sailor's clothes, in which disguise I then proceeded to the graveyard. I had provided myself with everything which I thought would be necessary for my expedition, such as a dark-lantern, a crowbar, a pair of pistols, and the suit of my own clothes which I had just taken off.

The State-house clock struck twelve, as I approached the solemn city of the dead. At any other time my heart

would have failed me in such a place and upon such an errand. But now I was insensible to every rational feeling. The romance of my nature was aroused by the bold and reckless enterprise in which I was embarked, and no consideration could sway me from its accomplishment. It was a cold, drizzling night, and so dark that I could scarce see the nearest objects, as I groped my way amid the solitary tombs, in the direction of the vault.

As I approached near to the dreary charnel-house, whose low white marble walls were but just discernible in the midnight gloom, my blood curdled to my heart, and my hair sprang on end, as my ear caught a sound proceeding out of the vault. I stood fixed to the spot. The noise reached me again, and the next moment the low accents of a human voice fell upon my ear. My fears subsided, and I approached the low portal, when I perceived a dim ray of light proceeding from the crack in the door. A key was in the lock, which I noiselessly removed, and looking through the key-hole I discovered five men, whom I recognized to be doctors and students, who were about to make an examination of the body, which they had already removed from its coffin, and divested of its shroud. My course was soon determined. Giving a sudden kick against the door, I exclaimed, in a feigned tone of voice:

"Touch it not!"

In an instant the light was extinguished.

"Oh, Lord, let me out!" exclaimed one.

"Hush-h-h!" was breathed in a low whisper, and all was still.

I was not a little vexed at the interruption to my plans which their presence had occasioned, and I resolved to screen myself from detection, if possible, by frightening them from the premises; in order to do which, it became necessary for me to assume a character very much at variance with the nature of the business which had brought me to the spot.

"Oh, I've got you!" I exclaimed, "and you are dead men, every mother's son of you."

"Let me out, let me out!" groaned a terrified student; "I had nothing to do with it, sir."

"I don't care," I replied; "I was sent here to watch this vault, and I'm to get a hundred dollars for shooting any one whom I catch trying to steal that corpse—and I'll do it."

A brief pause ensued, during which I could overhear a suppressed whisper among the doctors. Then a grim voice uttered in a louder tone:

"Gentlemen, we must defend ourselves from this ruffian; look to your arms."

"Oh, ho!" I exclaimed, in a swaggering tone, "is that your game? Come on, then, you grave-robbin' hyenas! Draw your thumb-lancets and rattle your pill-boxes; but you can't skeer this child. You'll find me a six-gun battery, and ready for action."

A deep groan from within told the effect of this bluster-

ing speech. After another short pause, during which I could hear voices in low consultation, a voice from the tomb addressed me in a rather more pacific strain:

"You certainly will not be so rash as to commit violence upon unarmed men, when you must be aware that our only motive is the advancement of the medical science, and through it the good of the human species. We desire only to make an autopsical examination, and not to remove the body of—"

"I don't care a d—n for your medical science, nor your autopsicals nother," I replied, affecting a stupid obstinacy; "if you want to larn anything as you don't know, go and cut up dogs and cats, but don't go about robbing people's graves and cutting up human creatures. But you've done your last job in that way now, for I'll shoot every devil of you, and get a hundred dollars a-head for it too."

"I'll give you ten times that amount to let me off," said the student.

"Will no consideration induce you to permit us to depart? We have not marred the corpse, and if you will say no more about it, you shall be well paid."

I was aware that I had them completely in my power, for I knew that if they feared my threats, they feared exposure worse; and though I did not like the mercenary character I would be compelled to assume, yet it was necessary that I should make some such arrangement of the matter in order to screen myself. After some hesitation I conceded

to their own terms, which were, that they would put me in possession of everything they had of value about them, and even more if I required it, if I would permit them to depart unmolested, and keep their secret from the public.

Accordingly I allowed them to pass out, one at a time, each depositing in my hat as he passed, his watch, and such money as he had about his person; which to my surprise I afterwards found to be no inconsiderable amount. I soon found myself once more alone in the graveyard. To my great gratification, I discovered that my designs had been rather assisted than embarrassed by the interruption to my original plan. I now had no occasion to mutilate the door with my crowbar, as I was in possession of a key that would enable me to leave the premises in such a manner as not to excite suspicion of the vault having been opened; and the coffin had been unscrewed and the corpse divested of its shroud and winding-sheet, ready to receive the clothes I had brought for it.

I entered the vault, taking care to secure the key, and lighting my lantern, commenced to perform the offices of the toilette for the corpse which had just been so unceremoniously stripped of its ghostly attire by the doctors. Having dressed the body in a full suit of my own clothes, and placed the coffin in its proper position, I sallied forth with my substitute in my arms. On reaching Ninth Street, which I did with some difficulty, owing to the high wall over which I had to clamber, I paused to see that the coast was clear and to arrange my plan of proceeding.

It was past one o'clock and the street was as silent as the gloomy inclosure I had just left. Not a watchman was to be seen. Taking the corpse upon my back underneath my cloak, I directed my steps towards the Delaware. I had proceeded as far as the corner of Ninth and Pine streets, and had turned down the latter towards the river, when, just as I was passing the gloomy inclosure of the Pennsylvania Hospital, where there was no alley or court into which I might dodge, I heard the heavy boots of a watchman advancing to meet me. What was to be done? I could not pass without exciting his suspicions, nor could I outrun him with my burden, and to relinquish it there was to insure detection. The watchman was fast approaching, and nearly in sight, when I hit upon the only expedient that appeared at all practicable. I sat the corpse upon its feet, hastily threw my cloak about its shoulders and pulled my fur cap upon its head. It was cold and stiff, and stood erect with little assistance. As the honest old guardian of the night approached, I commenced an altercation, supplying my companion's part of the dialogue in a feigned voice. After a little muttering, I broke out in a louder tone, as I supported the corpse with one hand against the fire-plug, by which we were now standing, "You're a liar!"—"You're another!"—"I'll break your mouth!"—"You'd better try it, you puppy!"—"Call me a puppy!" (here the footfalls of the watchman became more rapid) "take that, you infernal scoundrel!" Then I

affected several groans and grunts, and made as much noise as possible with my feet upon the pavement.

"Sthop dot! sthop dat viten!" exclaimed the old watchman, hastily approaching.

When he had almost reached the spot, I relinquished my hold, and ran round the corner, leaving the corpse to confront the watchman. The stiffened body still stood nearly erect against the fire-plug, muffled in my cloak and cap, when the old Dutchman grasped it by the collar, exclaiming—

"Ah! you tam rascal; you shall go mit me; come, come, no pullin pack, or I'll preak your heat."

At that moment the corpse, jostled from its equilibrium by the watchman's rudeness, swung round to the opposite side of the plug against which it was leaning. As it fell, and the infuriated Dutchman thought was endeavoring to break away from his hold, he hit it a severe rap over the head with his mace, which dislodged the cap, and revealed, by the pale light of the expiring street lamp, its ghastly features.

"Oh, mine Got! mine Got! vat ish I done!" exclaimed the horror-stricken Dutchman, as he broke away up the street, impelled by the awful conviction that he had either captured an evil spirit or killed a human being.

I could not refrain a hearty laugh, for the first time in a month, as the fast-receding sounds of the Dutchman's well-nailed boots died away in the distance.

I again shouldered the body and succeeded in reaching one of the lower wood-wharves without further interruption.

Before committing the body to its new resting-place, I sat down to recover my almost exhausted breath, and to meditate upon the adventures of the night. As I recurred to the past, and the excitement of the moment gradually subsided, my mind again relapsed into its wonted gloom, and I would have tossed up "heads or tails" with the corpse to decide which should make the plunge. But my thirst for adventure, and a growing desire to see how my scheme would work, impelled me on to the completion of my original design; and after depositing my cloak and cap upon the wharf, I plunged the body into the almost congealing water, and then directed my steps to a remote and retired part of the city, where I might, unobserved by my friends and acquaintances, await the issue.

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## CHAPTER III.

John's compunctions of conscience—The announcement in the papers—Wavers in his purpose—Conflicting emotions—Attends his own funeral—Makes many interesting observations there—Determines to leave Philadelphia—His departure for New York—Doleful reflections—Sails for New Orleans—Sea-sickness—The dandy—The lieutenant's remedy—John's preventive—Happy effects of the voyage.

I CONFESS that I was not without some compunctions of conscience when I reflected upon what I had done. But it

was too late to retract. I feared the consequences, should the deception which I had practiced be discovered, and now my greatest solicitude was to escape the observation of those who might recognize me; and though I was extremely anxious to hear the gossip to which my suicide had given rise, and to learn how my scheme had succeeded, the following day and night was spent in concealment and suspense.

On the morning of the second day after my adventure, I strolled into a public reading-room in the Northern Liberties, a part of the city which I had seldom frequented, when I met with the following paragraph in one of the city papers:

"*Suicide.*—A young gentleman of very respectable connections, by the name of John Smith, committed suicide, by drowning in the Delaware, some time during Wednesday night last. He had been in a state of mental despondency for some months past, and from a letter which was found in his room, it is supposed that disappointment in an affair of the heart was the cause of his committing the rash act, which has plunged his afflicted family into grief unspeakable. His body was recovered near the Navy Yard last evening. His funeral will take place from his mother's residence, at No. —, Market Street, this afternoon, at half past four o'clock."

The paper fell from my hands,—I could have sunk through the floor, such was my chagrin and mortification on reading that paragraph. I had never before reflected

upon the consequences of my rash and wicked act. "Plunged his afflicted family into grief unspeakable!" These words pierced me to the heart. What had I not inflicted upon my poor old mother and fond sisters? I was the only son, and I felt that I had murdered my mother. Oh, the agony of that thought! How I abhorred and execrated myself. I left the room almost resolved to go to my distressed family, and disclose all that I had done. In the frenzy of my mind a confused mass of thoughts rushed through my brain. But when I thought of the cruel treatment I had received from Mary, and the triumph she would enjoy, were I to make the disclosure which I had just contemplated, all other feelings yielded to that of insatiable revenge, and the tender emotions that had but a moment before arisen in my bosom, at the thought of the heart-rending misery I had inflicted upon my aged mother, were soon swallowed up by those grosser passions of my nature, which were now fanned into a flame of raging madness by the combined sentiments of love, jealousy, and hate. Besides, I knew not to what extent I had made myself legally liable as well as morally culpable by what I had done, and I came to the hasty resolve to see, if possible, the result of the affair, and then leave the home of my youth never to return.

Accordingly, at the hour appointed for the funeral, I approached the residence of my mother, where I found a large concourse of people had assembled, in carriages and on foot. In my well-studied disguise, I mingled with the crowd, and

listened to the various stories that were in circulation concerning my sad end. The feeling of sympathy for me, and execrations for those who had been the cause of my calamity, was almost universal among those who pretended to know anything of the circumstances. This was a balm to my wounded heart; and I will confess that the deep sympathy and universal respect which was manifested for me on that occasion was extremely grateful to my feelings. Indeed, I could not but be impressed with the conviction that much of the bitterness and gloom of the death hour would be dispelled if the departed could but be conscious of the honors of the funeral ceremony. At length the splendid mahogany coffin made its appearance, and was conveyed to the hearse. Immediately after it came the mourners, all in deep black; but judge my surprise and gratification, when I discovered, arm-in-arm with my two grown sisters, Mary, the cause of all my woe, herself in tears, and to all appearance the most disconsolate of the mourning train! With what triumph I exulted in my heart when I heard her broken sobs and deep-drawn sighs. Such a moment was worth a life of anguish, and I could scarcely restrain my exultation. Slowly the hearse moved to the burying-ground. Once more I joined in the funeral train—once more I saw the same body consigned to its mother earth; and now I turned away from my own funeral, indeed dead to all my early associations and enjoyments, but not insensible to the bitter miseries of life.

I returned to my hotel, where I had taken lodgings, and where I passed myself as a young gentleman just from the West, and in the loneliness of my chamber meditated upon what course I should adopt. That I must bid adieu to Philadelphia, and that forever, was a settled matter. But where should I go, and what should I do? were questions not so easily resolved. I had no trade or profession, and little or no knowledge of business, and, though I had been reared with good expectations, the money which I had obtained from the physicians now constituted my sole resources. I could now look for nothing from my mother's ample estate; and the melancholy conviction forced itself upon my mind that I must expect henceforth to fulfil the original curse, and earn my bread by the sweat of my brow. I resolved to bend my course to the South, where I hoped, by the formation of new associations, and by the adoption of new and more active pursuits, to obliterate, in some degree at least, the memory of the past, and, if possible, to wean my mind from the contemplation of an object which must now ever remain a source of misery and regret.

That Mary loved me in spite of her former affected indifference, her conduct at my funeral fully assured me, and no thought carried with it such poignant remorse as the conviction that I had lost her, and plunged myself in poverty and misery by my own indiscretion. Had I pursued a different and more rational course towards her—had I

treated as they merited her girlish follies, I felt assured that all might yet have been well. But my indomitable temper had led me to the commission of an act, the dire consequences of which I had never calculated, and which time only could reveal. But regrets were vain—the deed was done, and could not be recalled. She had mourned me dead; and though I was still among the living, I was, and must ever remain dead to her.

On the following day I took the steamboat for New York. Strange, indeed, were my reflections as I mingled among the varied throng of passengers who crowded the decks of the old Burlington. In my fate the natural order of things seemed to be reversed. When others were consigned to their graves, they left their bodies to moulder in the tomb, while their souls passed away to another, and it was to be hoped, better world. I, who had been followed to my grave by mourning friends, and over whom sad tears of parting had been shed, had left my heart and soul in Philadelphia, while my dull body was doomed to wander alone and disconsolate through the world. As the gallant boat glided rapidly up the Delaware, I sat upon the taffrail and took a last, lingering look at the fast-receding city. No hat or handkerchief waved an adieu to me, and my heart sank within me as the last faint outline of the city of my birth faded from my sight.

In New York, the saddening sense of my isolated condition only became more forcibly impressed upon my mind,

as I looked on, an idle spectator of the bustle and commotion of the great commercial metropolis. I was alone amid the busy throng, and as I sought a secluded spot upon the wharf, and listened to the clamor of the draymen, or the enlivening "oh-heavo!" of the sailors, I could not but think that the broken cog-wheel upon which I was seated afforded a striking illustration of my own situation. Like it I had lost my place in the great and complicated machinery of life, which was moving on with its ceaseless hum before me.

One vessel was up for New Orleans, and was to sail with the first wind, in which I secured my passage. On entering my name upon the books of the office, it occurred to me that I should assume a new one to avoid detection, but a moment's reflection assured me that no name could possibly be more anonymous than my own. So down went John Smith, as a cabin passenger for New Orleans.

It was a beautiful afternoon when our little brig dropped down the North River, and with a favoring tide and a light breeze, we passed out of the Narrows just as the setting sun was gilding the gently undulating waves of the broad Atlantic with his departing rays. There were several passengers, among whom were some that had "ploughed the wave" before, but most of our party, like myself, were now for the first time on salt water. The sea seemed as calm and quiet as a slumbering infant, and yet there was at intervals of about half a minute a very unpleasant sensa-

tion experienced by most of the passengers, who still lingered upon deck enjoying the beautiful prospect of the scenery of Long Island and the Jersey shore. For a time conversation passed freely, and all seemed filled with new delight and animation by the sudden change which had taken place in their condition. By and by the convivial spirit evidently began to flag, and faces that had been all life and animation an hour before, began to wear a serious aspect as the shades of evening drew on. Some leaned over the bulwarks in moody abstraction, while others made but a feeble effort to be sociable. One, a huge old grocer, who would have answered to stand for Daniel Lambert, had early withdrawn from the quarter-deck, and sought a comfortable leaning-place, but where he seemed to be greatly annoyed by the chattering of a cockney dandy, who kept up a ceaseless strain of interrogations to the captain.

"Capting," said he, after a slight pause, during which he looked uncommonly serious, "capting, what makes me feel so; eh?"

"I don't know; leaving your ma, I suppose," replied our merry old skipper.

"Ain't you 'shamed, capting, I don't mean that," replied the dandy, gracefully placing his hand upon the pit of his stomach, while his glassy eyes and colorless lips plainly indicated the disturbed state of his craw,—"every now and then, I feel sort o' bad right here."

"Why, you're getting seasick, you d—d fool!" growled

(54) "Ain't this ship turning around, mister?"

the churlish old grocer, just as he made one ponderous effort to heave the contents of his ample stomach into the sea.

"That's it," nodded the captain.

"Well, I thought it was something remarkable; I never felt so curious before!" replied the astonished dandy, as he essayed to cross to the other side of the deck, doubtless to avoid his uncivil friend, the grocer. The first step seemed as if he was about to ascend a pair of stairs; the next, as if he were stepping down from an elevation in the deck, and, as he ventured the third, the corner of his square-toed boot caught in the seam of his pantaloons with such violence as to split them to the knee, while he went lumbering to the opposite side of the vessel, and only stopped in his impetuous rush when he "brought up" at full length against the bulwarks. He was picked out of the scupper, and raised to his feet by an old tar who came to his assistance.

"Thunderation!" he exclaimed, raising his hand to his head, which had come in rather violent contact with the woodwork; "I didn't see that place before. Whew! I'm so dizzy! *An't the ship turning round, mister?*"

"Never mind, never mind," replied the kind old sailor, "it'll be as straight as a marlinspike when you get your sea-legs on; but you'd better drink a little salt-water; it'll help you."

"What! that 'ere nasty stuff? Ugh! it makes me gag

to look at it. I'm so sick—oh, I'll die! Where's the door? I want to go to bed." And with the assistance of the sailor, the young gentleman with the torn trousers made his exit into the cabin.

By this time the breeze had freshened a little, and its gentle murmur, as it breathed through the cordage, was broken only by the merry jests of the well, or the long-drawn groans and heaves of the sick portion of our crew, which latter class were ranged along in rows on either side, paying reluctant tribute to the ocean god, occasionally giving vent to their splenetic tempers by quarrelling with the others, who, instead of sympathizing with them, made their sufferings a subject of mirth.

"E-e-eph!" groaned one, "ain't there nothing that'll stop it?—e-e-eph!—Oh, I shall die!"

"E-e-eph!" in another tone, came from the opposite side in reply.

"E-e-eph!—Oh, Lord!—e-e-eph!—Oh! I can't stand it!" groaned a little tallow-faced man, who threw up one leg at each heave.

"Swallow a piece of fat pork," said one, "and it'll"—

"Oh, go to h–ll with your pork!—e-e-eph!" retorted the old grocer.

"There goes my hat overboard!" whined a poor fellow, who had just risen from a perfect paroxysm of vomiting.

"That's nothing," replied the fat man. "'Spose you had to throw up as much as me!—I've raised the waist-

bands of my breeches full three inches. There comes that snipe again—the very sight of him is enough to—e-e-eph! e-e-eph! Oh!"—

"I can't stay down there, capting, it smells so—e-e-eph! Oh dear, I shall die!" exclaimed the poor dandy, as he came tumbling up the companion-way,—"e-e-eph! Capting, you must make me a bed up here, for I can't sleep down there—e-e-eph! Oh, Lord—I know it will kill me. I don't see how people can laugh when we're all so sick—e-e-eph!—Oh, dear Lordy!—e-e-eph!" Here the poor fellow rolled on to the deck, and groaned and heaved at intervals, affording, by his chatterings and contortions, a fit subject of mirth for all who had a stomach for a laugh. Even the old grocer's ponderous sides shook with laughter when he regarded his fellow-sufferer, notwithstanding that he had considered his presence as an aggravation of his disease.

"Here," said one of the passengers, a lieutenant in the navy, "take this and swallow it, and it'll cure you," holding before the prostrate dandy a piece of fat pork tied to the end of a hempen string.

"Will it though?" asked the sufferer, with an air of credulity.

"To be sure it will, if you repeat it two or three times."

"How?"

"Why, swaliow it and pull it up again by the string."

"Well, I'll try anything to save my life; but it's too big, I can't swallow that."

"Yes, you can—down with it!"

By this time the eyes of the whole crew, sick and well, were directed to the dandy. He made one desperate effort to swallow the chunk of greasy pork, which had no sooner entered his mouth than he was again seized with a violent fit of vomiting.

"E-e-eph! e-e-eph—oh lord! lieutenant, I can't go that —it's too fat—e-e-eph! Oh, I shall die; take it away, it makes me worse—e-e-eph!"

A general laugh was enjoyed at the expense of the poor dandy, who remonstrated against such conduct in a manner that only excited the risibility of his hearers.

Though I had felt the effects of the "ground swell," which was all that produced the sickening motion of the vessel, yet I had in a great measure escaped the effect of the epidemic, which raged so violently among my fellow-passengers, by adopting a remedy for sea-sickness which I had heard of when a boy, and which I soon found to be an admirable preventive. I would have recommended it to my fellow-passengers but that I doubted its efficacy until I had given it a trial. On the first slight sensation of nausea, I procured from the steward a large piece of raw cod-fish, and, taking my seat at the foot of the main-mast, where of course the motion of the vessel was much less to be felt than at either extremity, I kept myself as quiet as possible, and gnawed my cod-fish with an excel-

lent relish, while the others were suffering the severest penalties of a first voyage at sea.

It was several days before all the seats at our captain's table were filled, and, as often as the weather became a little rough, our dandy passenger was missed from his accustomed seat. The novelty of nautical life afforded much relief to my depressed spirits, and, before our arrival at our place of destination, the exciting events incident to our voyage—a recital of which I will spare the reader—had served to dispel much of the gloomy despondency to which I had so long been a victim.

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## CHAPTER IV.

John tries merchandising in New Orleans—Soon relapses into his former despondency—Seeks to "drown it in the bowl"—Gets into a fight on the levee—Is lodged in the Calaboose—With difficulty obtains his release—Fortunes at a low ebb—Sans money, sans friends, sans everything—Enlists in the army of General Gaines—Sails for Florida—Improved state of feeling, the effect of hard marching—Human nature with the bark off—Camp courtesy—Dade's battle-ground—John's partiality for the General expressed.

AFTER idling about a few days among the various places of public resort in the Crescent City, I applied for and obtained a situation in a commercial house as bookkeeper. Here I endeavored by close application to business to draw

my mind away from the contemplation of the past, in the hope that it might once more regain its wonted sanity; for I could only account for my rash conduct on the ground that my reason had become impaired. For a time, while everything was novel and strange, I was not without hope. But ere six months had rolled off, my mind began to relapse into its former channels of thought, and I again became restless and miserable, despite my exertions to shake off the gloomy despondency, which I was too sensible was again stealing upon me. Before the term of my engagement, which was one year, had expired, I relinquished my very lucrative situation, from a consciousness that I was incompetent in my present state of mind to fill so important a trust; and in order to blunt the poignancy of my feelings, abandoned myself to the worst excesses of dissipation. But with me, as with Cassio, wine could not drown remorse, and the inebriating cup only excited me to madness.

On one occasion, while brutally intoxicated, I encountered some sailors on the levee, with whom I had a quarrel, and by whom I was severely beaten and robbed of nearly everything I had of value about me. I was carried almost frantic to the calaboose, where I found myself on the following morning in a most deplorable condition, both of mind and body. It was with much difficulty that I procured my release from the authorities, who regarded me as a very suspicious person, as I could give no satisfactory account of myself. On my first examination, they insisted, in spite of all my re-

monstrances and denials, on retaining me in custody as an old offender, and read to me a long list of offences docketed upon their records against John Smith, some of which would have sent me to the gallows, or penitentiary for life, had I not succeeded ultimately in establishing my personal identity by respectable witnesses, who had known me since my arrival in New Orleans.

Once more at liberty, I found myself without money, and, of course, without friends; and, worse than all, incapable of business by which to obtain a livelihood. I began to look upon my fortunes as approaching to a desperate crisis, and seriously meditated an escape from ills which I could not bear by a suicide in earnest.

Such was my condition, and such the tenor of my thoughts, when that gallant old soldier, General Gaines—whose name I ever loved to honor—arrived in the city on his way to Florida to subdue the Seminoles, who were then spreading havoc and destruction throughout that devoted land. I felt that I was indeed "fit food for the rifle's mouth." With eagerness "I longed to follow to the field some warlike lord," and when the call was made, through the city papers, for troops, John Smith's name was among the first enrolled upon the list of gallant Louisiana volunteers. A few days were spent in making preparations, and on the morning of the 4th of February, 1836, I found myself on board the steamer "Watchman," a soldier, on my way to the theatre of war.

On our arrival at Tampa, General Gaines found himself in command of about 1100 as good troops as ever entered a battle-field, but almost entirely destitute of the munitions of war, and the disparaging alternative presented itself of either returning to New Orleans in our transports or marching to meet the enemy without those necessaries which we had so confidently expected would be at our command on our arrival at Fort Brook—where indeed we found large quantities of government stores, but no means of transportation, so indispensable, and yet so cumbrous, to an army in a country like Florida.

The latter expedient was insisted upon by the troops, who were willing to bear their provisions for the march to Fort King, a distance of more than one hundred miles, upon their backs, and to brave every danger and hardship incident to such an expedition, inspired as they were by the presence of a leader in whom they reposed such unbounded confidence.

Those who are not prepared to concede the oft-repeated dogma that a man is but the creature of circumstances, have only to pass a few months in the camp to have their skepticism on this point entirely removed. In ordinary life we are artificial characters, and take our distinctive shade or caste from the sphere in which we move. But in the camp these artificial distinctions are soon lost. In the rude vicissitudes of camp life each is thrown upon his natural resources, and though the polish of refinement may

for a time hold its gloss, the rugged contact in which it is brought with the sternest necessities of animal life—which as a comrade, now no more, used to remark—*knocked the very bark off his human nature*—will soon remove its restraints, and place prince and peasant upon a level for the time. On our voyage to Tampa, and for some time after our encampment, there was a courteous bearing, a sort of chivalric deportment observable among the volunteers, which induced me to believe that I had fallen into an association of the *élite* of the South. The most formal politeness was observed on all occasions. Every man was a general in his bearing, and touched his chapeau as he passed his fellows with the air of a French gen d'armes. If anything was missed or mislaid the word was passed: "Has any gentleman seen my tin cup?" or, "What gentleman's got our coffee-pot?" And when the article was discovered in the possession of another, there was a profusion of bowing and scraping—"I beg your pardon, sir." —"O, no matter, sir."—"I'm much obliged."—"You're very welcome," etc., etc. But a few days' short rations, and a hard march or two, soon changed the tone of our camp society. Now the cry was: "What gentleman's stole my coffee-pot?" And this inconsistency was changed to "What d—d rascal's stole our frying-pan?" or, "I can whip the man that took my pork!" And it was not unfrequently that a poor fellow's head came in contact with a frying-pan or camp-kettle, if found in his possession

without his ear-marks. The word gentleman was soon discarded from our vocabulary, and in its stead other familiar titles were substituted, which would not look so well in print. The kindly feelings were soon smothered, selfishness became the order of the day, and he was to be pitied, indeed, who did not adopt the maxim of the camp, which was, "Every man for himself, and the Indians for us all."

The change in my life was a happy one. The camp, with its bustle and excitement, its pageantry and parade, was new to me, and the hardships and dangers to which we were at all times exposed, as we marched over the arid sands, or penetrated the gloomy forest in search of the foe, effectually dispelled the *ennui* with which I had so long been beset; and as I bent beneath my heavy burden in the day, or stretched my weary limbs upon the ground at night, I was far happier than I had been since I first awoke from "love's young dream."

Our march was exceedingly severe, and though nothing occurred to test my nerve, my sinews were put to their trial during our scout in search of the enemy upon the Alapia, and our subsequent movements in the direction of Fort Drane. But my first initiation into the frightful horrors of war was afforded by the awful spectacle presented on our arrival at the place where Major Dade and his gallant band had been surrounded and cut to pieces on the 20th of the previous December. The field of Waterloo, after that san-

guinary conflict doubtless presented a much more imposing spectacle, but certainly was incapable, with all its vast hecatomb of promiscuous dead, of harrowing up such emotions as heaved the breast of every beholder of the melancholy spectacle before us. The loneliness of the spot—the deep gloom of the trackless forest—the sombre shade and melancholy music of the sighing pines—all contributed to the mournful solemnity of the scene. And then the ghastly, mutilated forms that strewed the ground, the innumerable evidences of the fierceness of the death-struggle of that little band—away, then, in those lonely wilds, where the roar of their artillery only startled the wolf from his den, as it reverberated through the still depths of the forest, and their battle-cry was drowned in the demoniac yell of their merciless foe—all were calculated to impress the mind with a sad sympathy for the fallen braves. In the rude triangular breastwork which marks the spot where the remnant of the devoted band made their last stand against such overwhelming odds, a grizzly wolf and a vulture lay prostrate with the bodies, upon which, perhaps, they had over-gorged their long-starved appetites. On every pine, the turpentine was glistening in the sun, as it came seeping from innumerable ball-holes, and at a little distance from the inclosure stood a cart, to which were still attached the skeletons of two oxen and a horse, who lay as they had been shot down, with the harness still upon them. The track of the little column, from the spot where the attack first commenced,

back to where the death-struggle had ensued, was strewed with the wreck of battle. Cartridge-boxes, shoes, coats, and caps, lay strewed upon the ground, all perforated with balls, and not unfrequently still stained with blood. Even the veteran Gaines could not disguise his emotion, as the men were busied in their sad task of collecting the bodies for burial. They were interred with all the solemnity of military usage, in three graves, the men in two large ones, and the officers, who were easily identified by their dress, in another of smaller dimensions. Planting their cannon at the head of the latter, to mark the spot, we resumed our march, leaving them to sleep—not upon "the field of glory," the soldier's last and proudest privilege, but like all who fall by the savage foe, in the gloom of forgetfulness; where the tall pines, that alone witnessed their valor and prowess, shall cast their ever-green shade over their isolated resting-place, and sigh, as they toss their aged arms to the skies, their never-ceasing requiem.

On the following day we arrived at the pine pickets of Fort King, where we were again disappointed in our expectation of obtaining provisions, baggage-wagons, ammunition, etc. We were, however, speedily supplied by General Clinch, from Fort Drane, so far as was in his power to afford us assistance, and after a brief rest, again took up our line of march, with five days' provisions upon our backs and upon the backs of the few pack-horses which we were

able to procure, for the point on the Withlacoochee where it was supposed the enemy was in force.

It has been urged by those who have lamented the disastrous result of this campaign, that General Gaines was to be blamed for rashly entering the enemy's country without the necessary preparations for a protracted campaign. I have no objection that others should enjoy their own opinions in regard to this matter; nevertheless, I am disposed to take a very different view of the conduct of that officer, and so far from visiting him with censure, I feel that he merits the esteem and gratitude of the country for his gallant and soldier-like deportment in Florida. He was anxious to give the people of that Territory relief, and promptly placing himself at the head of an efficient force, and knowing well the Indian character, he hastened at once to the field, as one who came to chastise not to frighten or entreat. And had he been sustained with the resources then in the country, and which could as well have been hastened to his aid as consumed at Picolata, and on the way between that post and Fort Drane, or had the gallant Clinch been permitted to co-operate with him as he desired, and as the latter would cheerfully have done, the annals of our country would never have been marred with the history of the protracted and disgraceful Indian war which has ensued, and in which has been spilled some of the best blood of the nation. But I may not digress, even to poise a lance in defence of my old general.

## CHAPTER V.

The Withlacoochee—The first fight—John's peculiar sensations on that occasion—The second encounter—Attack in the breastworks—The music of a rifle-ball an exception to the rule—Seminole dentistry—Battle at night—John is wounded—Short rations and hard fighting—Desperate onset—The armistice—The council—A dainty morsel—The surprise—The relief—Return to Camp Smith.

It was early on the second day after our departure from Fort King, that our advance-guard reached the bank of the Withlacoochee. As we approached to the bank of that wild stream, whose tawny waters glide with a lazy current amid cypress swamps and sleepy lagoons on to the ocean, as still and calm as if its glassy surface had never been ruffled by human power, suddenly the sharp crack of the rifle pealed upon our startled ears, and from a thousand throats came the terrific warwhoop of the savages, who lay concealed upon the opposite bank. I felt a thrill of excitement run through every nerve. It was the first time that I had ever heard that blood-curdling yell, and I was soon to participate, for the first time, in mortal combat. I cannot describe my feelings at that moment. It was not fear; it was not anger made me tremble; but my mind was oppressed with a strange compound of mingled emotions. There was an indefinite, indescribable sense of imminent peril, a feeling of suspense, the more painful because of its uncertain

brevity. Perhaps, my last breath was in my nostrils! It was but for a moment; but, in that brief moment, a lifetime of thought ran through my brain. All the unfinished business of an ill-spent life pressed itself upon me. . . . . One volley—a shout of defiance—and my agony was over; and the next moment, when a riderless horse came dashing past, his flank all stained with blood, I felt at ease amid the danger and din of battle, and snuffed the sulphury atmosphere with as much composure as a veteran. A sharp fire was kept up on both sides for near an hour, when, finding it impossible to cross the stream at that point without the aid of boats, the army fell back to a little distance from the river, and passed the night in the breastworks thrown up by General Clinch on the night previous to the battle of the Withlacoochee.

At sunrise, on the following morning, we were again in line, and moved down the river a distance of about two miles, where it was understood there were less natural obstacles to prevent our crossing the stream. On again approaching the bank, which we did about nine o'clock, we met with a reception similar to our first greeting, which we returned with a free good-will, and the spirited interchange of compliments was kept up without intermission until near one o'clock in the afternoon, when the red rascals, for reasons best known to themselves, declined the sport. During this spirited affair many of our men were killed or wounded. Among those mortally wounded was the gallant Lieutenant

Izard, a gentleman and soldier deserving a better fate. Retiring a short distance from the river, we threw up breastworks, and passed the night without interruption. About ten o'clock on the following morning, the enemy paid us a call on our own side of the river, and for the space of two hours their rifles kept up as enlivening a tête-à-tête with our yagers and muskets "as one might wish to hear." For a time the rifle-balls whistled about us like hail, and many of our men were obliged to acknowledge, some with a groan, others with a curse, the receipt of those "leaden messengers of death." But to me there is no "charm to soothe," in the music of a rifle-ball, and, in spite of all my philosophy, I found it difficult to bear in mind, at the moment, the well-attested fact that "they are harmless so long as one can hear them whistle." Another name or two were added to our list of killed and wounded. Among the latter was that of our brave old general himself, who was indebted to the enemy on this occasion for the performance of a novel dental operation—a rifle-ball having passed through his nether lip, removing one of his front teeth. The old general is not in command of more than a corporal's guard of this class of troops, and so was rather vexed at the rascal for thus depriving him of one of his veteran front rank men.

It was night—the many notes of the tattoo had but just ceased to send back their joint echoes from the surrounding gloom, when, as if by appointed signal, the whole woods,

on every side, were lit up by the blaze of their rifles, while the welkin rang with the rattling report, mingled with that horrid Indian yell, to me more terrible than their weapons. For a time the blaze of fire-arms almost illumined the dark scene, while the solemn woods for miles around reverberated with the deafening peals of our musketry, or the sullen roar of our single field-piece, which, like the hoarse voice of the mastiff amid the yelping kennel of lesser throats, towered above the din at intervals. I was in the act of rising from my knee, in which position we had been ordered to fire, when I felt a sudden twinge in the left arm.

"I wish you'd keep your ramrod to yourself," I remarked to my file-leader, who was loading as if he had a covey of partridges in his eye.

"Take that, and be d—d to ye," said he, as he discharged his piece and commenced reloading, too much engaged to hear me. "I'll bet that cut some of your fur, you d—d yelling panters, ye."

"Zip," exclaimed one, as a ball whistled past his head; "a miss is as good as a mile—"

"I wish I had a pair of cast-iron boots that came up to my shoulders," remarked the third man on my right, as he bent upon his knees.

"Stand up to your rack, Bob, and never mind the length of your boots," replied his file-leader.

"Oh, my God!" groaned one, and the next moment two

men were seen dragging a poor fellow towards the surgeon's quarters.

"There's a man got an Indian's commission in his pocket, Pat," said a reckless fellow in my hearing.

"Come, boys—it's no time to be indulgin' in levity; load and fire in quickest time's the order," replied our old Irish corporal.

"They're coming closer—see! the flash of that rifle was not thirty paces off."

"Here goes the lead-colic in that fellow's neighborhood," said another, as he let fly the contents of his piece in that direction.

I had paused for a moment, not seeing anything to shoot at, but, as the enemy were evidently advancing, and their fire seemed to take more effect, I attempted to seize my gun, but my left arm refused to perform its office, and my hand hung benumbed and useless at my side. Upon examination, I found the blood streaming profusely from a wound in the fleshy part of the arm just below the elbow. It was a rifle-ball, instead of my friend's ramrod, that had attracted my attention but a few moments before. Though the wound was slight, it incapacitated me for service, and I was ordered to the centre of the inclosure, where I was compelled, much against my will, to remain inactive amid surrounding strife and confusion. It was late when the enemy retired.

Daybreak was their signal for renewing the onset. Owing

to the great disparity of force, and the scarcity of ammunition, it was not deemed prudent to make a sortie, especially when it was evident that such an expedient could only result in dispersing the enemy, who, we were too well assured, were concentrated at this point, and whom it was the object of our general to entertain and keep together until reinforcements and a concerted action with General Clinch would enable him to make a decisive movement. An express had been dispatched to Fort Drane, and while a part of our force kept the enemy at bay, numbers were employed in constructing boats with which to cross the river when we should receive the necessary supplies. But no succor came, our provisions were soon exhausted, and, after a few days, a more formidable enemy than the savage foe stared us in the face. Famine, with its lean and haggard aspect and sunken eye, stalked through the camp, dispiriting the brave, and unnerving the strong. Another express was dispatched, and yet no relief. Still was Gaines the same resolute and intrepid leader that he had been in younger and more glorious days, and his noble example cheered and encouraged his suffering soldiers when precept would have failed. The wily savages were not ignorant of our condition, and at the time when we were reduced to the extremity of eating our poor horses, who reeled as they walked, many of them suffering from wounds, and all perishing for food, they renewed the fight with redoubled energy, and the most determined desperation. They had

grown bolder; they set the tall grass and leaves on fire, and while the volumes of flame and smoke curled over our heads, they made one desperate effort, as if they would scale our works, which we could not repel only in the last extremity, owing to the scarcity of our ammunition. When they approached near enough, under cover of the smoke, to bring them almost within pistol-shot, the Louisianians gave them a reception that made them recoil like vipers from the fire. During the night of the 5th of March, the seventh since our encampment in the breastworks, a voice hailed our sentinels from the opposite side of the river, and informed us that (to use the speaker's own words) "de Injan say him done tired fight, and want to make treaty," and on the following morning, their delegates, under the protection of a dirty white flag, made their appearance, and were met by a corresponding number of our own officers at some distance from the breastworks, where a palaver ensued. While this sage council was sitting cross-legged upon a log, engaged in their efforts to effect a diplomatic adjustment of the difficulties which had embroiled the two nations in war, a respectable showing of the bulwark of the red nation was paraded in full view of the camp.

I sat upon a log with my wounded arm in a sling, devouring a dog's heart, roasted, without salt, while the treaty was going on. I was meditating upon the probable result of the armistice, when I observed a sudden commotion among the red gentry, and immediately a loud volley of

musketry broke upon my ear. The next moment the woods were red with flying Indians, shouting "Clinch! Clinch!" as they dashed headlong in the direction of the river. The gentlemen of the council stood not upon the order of their going, but went, abruptly deferring all further deliberations until "*to-morrow.*" The whole camp was in commotion, joy lit up the smoked and haggard countenances of the men, and I dashed my dog's heart to the dogs, and threw up my cap with joy, as I saw through the smoky woods, the blue jacket of the gallant Clinch, approaching at the head of his brave Georgians, and knew that relief had come at last.

After delaying a few days,—during which time it rained incessantly—in order to give the Indians an opportunity of renewing the negotiations which his van-guard had so suddenly interrupted, but which they did not do—General Clinch, who no longer enjoyed supreme command in Florida, obeyed the instructions of the commander-in-chief, by withdrawing the army from the Withlacoochee to Fort Drane. Arrived at his post, our own general, having resigned his command into the hands of General Clinch, took his leave of those who had been his associates in his brief but arduous campaign.

## CHAPTER VI.

John becomes weary of camp life—Expedient for relieving its monotony—The hunting party—Florida scenery—A mimic Eden—The rural lounge—Thoughts of pastoral life—Influence of association—Mankind an element—Pastoral recreation—The attack—The escape—Night in the swamp—Search for the camp—The surprise—The chase—John becomes amphibious.

A LIFE of inactivity was but illy suited to my peculiar temperament, and I had remained in our snug quarters in the vicinity of Fort Drane only a few days, during which time my wound had become entirely healed, before I began to feel restless and dissatisfied; and notwithstanding the privations and hardships I had just endured, I was extremely anxious to exchange the dull tedium of the camp for the excitement of the field. We were to remain in this state of inactivity until General Scott should be enabled to complete his arrangements, prior to a simultaneous movement against the enemy from different points, by which means that officer hoped to put an end to the war. The time wore heavily off, and I determined to adopt some expedient to relieve the dull monotony of a life in camp. Accordingly, one day I proposed to four others of my companions to violate the standing order of the day by stealing out into the woods and taking a hunt. My proposition was agreed to, and we set out with our yagers, in search of the

deer and wild turkeys which abound in almost every thicket or swamp in Florida. Our departure was unobserved by the guard, and we hastened away from Camp Smith, as our new encampment was called, intending only to go so far that the report of our guns might not reach the camp.

We had strayed far away, amid the picturesque wilds of that delightful country, ere we were aware of our remoteness from the army. The scenery was enchanting, and even at that early season of the year, wore an aspect of luxuriance and freshness that could not fail to inspire the beholder with a love for the wild beauties of nature. Now we strayed through open meadows of waving grass, startling the herds of wild cattle from their browsing beside meandering rivulets, or descending into the thick groves of fragrant orange and magnolia, where the wild vines wrought a network over our heads, and the rich drapery of spring hung in graceful festoons from every bough. Then perchance we stood beneath the widespreading shade of the evergreen live-oak, whose gnarled arms, laden with long pendant moss, had battled with the storms of centuries; or pressed with our feet the green-carpeted banks of some beautiful lake, whose transparent waters mirrored upon its placid surface the stately forms and dark-green foliage of the lofty trees that skirted it on every side.

Occasionally pausing to examine the rarer wild flowers

that attracted our attention, or to quench our thirst in the cool, gurgling springs that gushed from many a hillside, we wandered on, forgetful of every danger, and even unmindful of the object of our pursuit, until, becoming weary, we threw ourselves upon a mossy bank, close by a spring of delightful water, to rest and partake of the scanty repast we had brought with us. Though we had apprehended little or no danger from Indians so close to Fort Drane, yet we had no disposition to separate, and as we stalked through the woods, generally in free conversation, we could not expect to surprise much game. Indeed, we felt too sensibly the calm influence of the mimic Eden through which we had strayed, to think of the rude sports of the chase, and the spot upon which we had accidentally paused afforded a prospect too richly endowed with all the charms of nature to admit of any other thoughts than those of admiration and delight. There were no rugged mountains nor frowning granite cliffs to give grandeur and sublimity to the view, but the gently undulating hills, clothed with the rich verdure of the spring, the placid lake, the murmuring rivulet, the richly tinted flowers, nodding to the soft breath of the fragrant zephyr, and the sweet music of the birds, lent an air of pastoral beauty to the scene, and imparted a feeling of tranquillity and peace to the mind, delightful to experience but impossible to describe. It was indeed

"A happy rural seat of various view;
Groves whose rich trees wept odorous gums and balm,
Others whose fruit burnished with golden rind
Hung amiable, Hesperian fables true,
If true, here only, and of delicious taste;
Betwixt them lawns or level downs, and flocks
Grazing the tender herb, were interposed;
Or palmy hillock; or the flow'ry lap
Of some irregulous valley spread her store,
Flow'rs of all hues, and without thorn the rose;
Another side, umbrageous grots and caves
Of cool recess, o'er which the mantling vine
Lays forth her purple grape, and gently creeps
Luxuriant; meanwhile murm'ring waters fall,
That the fringed bank with myrtle crown'd
Her crystal mirror holds, unite their streams.
The birds their choir apply; airs, vernal airs,
Breathing the smell of field and grove, attune
The trembling leaves."

"Is not this a lovely spot?" said one of our party, in a tone of enthusiastic admiration.

"It is, indeed!" replied my sentimental friend Sam, surveying the enchanting scene as he spoke. "How willingly would I end my days in such a place. Truly happy indeed must have been the estate of those primitive people who lived in the golden age; whose days were passed amid such rural scenes as this, and whose sole employment was to guard their grazing flocks. With hearts scarce less simple and innocent than those of their lambs and kids,

they passed their days in dreams of love, equally contented and happy. Unsophisticated in their manners, temperate in their desires, and unrestrained by conventional forms, they roved the green fields of earth in the full enjoyment of natural liberty; while the pure felicity of their existence flowed on, uninterrupted by any of the thousand vexatious cares, mortifications and disappointments which embitter the cup of life."

"By George!" exclaimed one, cocking up the brim of his hat, and looking wildly about as he spoke, "if there is any such a thing as the influence of association, a fellow would soon turn to a witch-hazel or black-jack, if he were to make his home in this wild region."

"That's a fact," said Crockett, as he stooped to dip a cup of water, "my legs begin to feel sort o' woody a'ready."

"I have somewhere seen mankind," continues Sam, in a serious tone, "called a vegetable; and though I am not prepared to say that there are not some scions of father Adam's stock that seem to warrant the comparison, yet I am more inclined to class him with the elements. The element of flesh is not unlike that of water, at least in one characteristic. In small communities it is passive and harmless, but in proportion to its immensity it becomes turbid, vicious, and depraved. Yon glassy lake or this gurgling rill, like man in his primeval state, is pure, tranquil, and beautiful; but is not the turbulent ocean, carrying death and destruction in its restless surges, with its treacherous quicksands

and hidden rocks, a fit emblem of our densely populated cities, where every vice that can corrupt and debase the species is practiced, and where treachery, sin, and misery roll their dark waves over the moral sea of human relations?"

All but the speaker enjoyed a hearty laugh at Sam's strained philosophy.

"It's a fact," said he; "show me a city, and I'll show you vice and misery in all their various hues; a rural cot, and if not exalted virtue, truth, and purity, at least simplicity and happiness. Man, though an intelligent being, formed for social life, is corrupting in his influence upon his fellows, and, when viewed in the aggregate, resembles the element of which I speak, in more ways than one."

"Well, Sam, you moralize first-rate, but you'd have to preach a better stave than that, before you'd get me to agree to run wild again, like they say them old chaps were. I believe in civilization and good society, and thar an't no place like Natchez, that ever I seed yet."

Sam made no reply to Crockett, but throwing himself over upon his back, with his arms crossed under his head, commenced,—

"Oh, that the desert were my dwelling-place."

"Well, every fellow to his liking," interrupted Crockett, "but I couldn't live where there wan't no gals, no how—God bless 'em."

The enraptured ruralizer continued:

"With one fair spirit for my minister,
That I might all forget the human race,
And hating no one, love but only her."

"Ah, that might do; with a right pretty gal for a minister, I don't know but I might—"

"Become an anchorite," interrupted one.

"A whaterite?" asked Crockett, with a stare.

"An anchorite—a recluse."

"What's them?—sailors?"

"Oh, hush, Crockett, you don't know what you're talking about," replied Sam. Then, after gazing a moment abstractedly into the thick canopy of overarching branches, through which the declining sun scarce penetrated, he broke forth with one of Pope's sweet pastorals:

"Hear how the birds, in every bloomy spray,
With joyous music wake the dawning day!
Why sit we mute when early linnets sing,
When warbling Philomel salutes the spring?
Why sit we sad when Phœbus shines so clear,
And lavish nature paints the purple year?"

To which, catching the inspiration of my friend, I replied:

"Sing, then, and Damon shall attend the strain,
While yon slow oxen turn the furrow'd plain;
Here the bright crocus and blue violet glow,
Here western winds on breathing roses blow;
I'll stake yon lamb that near the fountain plays
And from the brink his dancing shade surveys."

Sam continued, raising aloft his tin-cup, upon which his name was carved, with many an odd device by way of ornament:

"And I this bowl, where wanton ivy twines
And swelling clusters bend the curling vines;
Four figures rising from the work appear,
The various seasons of the rolling year;
And what is that—" . . . . .

"Ingins, boys! Ingins!"—exclaimed Crockett, as he sprang towards his gun. Each seized his yager, but ere we had risen to our feet, a volley of rifle-balls whistled over our heads, slightly wounding Crockett in the cheek.

"Oh, boys, my beauty's sp'ilt," blubbered poor Crockett.

The next moment a loud yell, that sent the blood curdling to our hearts, resounded through the woods, and as we hastily sprang behind the nearest trees, two more shots, which had been kept in reserve, were directed towards us from the adjacent thicket, which had served to screen our lurking foe. We did not immediately return the fire, but waiting until the Indians, in their attempt to reduce the distance between us, became exposed to our aim, we gave them a well-directed fire from our five yagers, three of which took effect, which somewhat reduced the number of our assailants. The Indians by this time had reloaded their pieces, and still greatly superior in number, rushed madly towards us, incensed to desperation, if such demons needed incitement, by the loss they had sustained. In this

dilemma, flight was our only hope, and calling to my comrades to keep together, I led the way from our covert. While thus exposed, the Indians fired, and two of our party were seen to fall. Sam, exclaiming, "The devil was in Paradise!" dashed down his yet unloaded gun to free himself from all incumbrance, but ere he had made a dozen paces from the spot, he too fell groaning by my side.

Our party was now reduced to two, and my companion and myself still retained our guns, and dashed through the open wood with the reckless speed of men who fled from death in its most horrid form. The Indians were not slow in their pursuit, and it was long after their hideous yell had died upon our ears, and not until we had reached the midst of a dense and almost impenetrable swamp, that we felt that we had eluded their search, and that we were for a time free from danger. We passed the night in the dismal swamp, which had afforded us concealment from our pursuers, by climbing into the top of a large tree, where we sat out the long gloomy hours, our ears only greeted by the doleful howl of the hungry wolf, the fierce scream of the prowling panther, or the startling hoot of the owl; all of which tended little to relieve the sombre cast of our reflections.

As the day was breaking in the east, on the following morning, we clambered down from our hiding-place, and set out in what we hoped to be the direction of our camp, though we knew not whether each step carried us nearer

to or farther from the point which we so anxiously wished to gain. Keeping constantly a sharp lookout, that we might not again be surprised, we travelled on with rapid strides, constantly hoping that we might meet some familiar object which would confirm us in our course. In the anxiety of our minds, we had forgotten every other consideration but that of our personal safety, and though we had neither eaten nor slept since the previous day, yet we flagged not, such is the elasticity and vigor imparted to the physical frame by extreme exigency of circumstances operating upon the mind. Onward we travelled, now in despondency, and now with reviving hope, as some peculiar aspect of the distant view, an apparent opening or a smoky horizon, seemed to indicate our proximity to some place of human abode. Once we thought we heard the report of firearms, but at a distance so remote, that we could not distinguish whether it was that of the musket or yager, or of the rifle of our enemies; in which latter case there was, to us, certainly nothing very luring in the sound.

The sun was already half hidden among the tree-tops, when we discovered far away in the direction in which we supposed our camp to lie, a cloud of rising smoke, which we hailed with as much joy and gratitude as did the Israelites their cloud and pillar of fire in the wilderness. As the shades of evening thickened around us, we hastened on in the direction of the camp, whose blazing fires now sent up their cheerful light, and by which we directed our

course, felicitating ourselves upon our fortunate escape, fully resolved within our hearts, that if it was our evil fortune again to encounter the Indians, it should not be without our host. Such was our eagerness to join our friends, that we did not even pause for the challenge of the sentinels, but hastened forward in the direction of the fires.

We had almost penetrated into the camp when, to my utter horror and dismay, I discovered that we had rushed into the very den of the enemy. "*Hi-e-lah! este-had-kah!*" exclaimed a dusky form, springing up before us, apparently not less terrified than ourselves. On the wings of terror we rushed from the place; but we had been discovered, and now a legion of yelling devils were in hot pursuit of us through the open pine woods. It was a cloudless night, and the moon, which had risen above the trees, sent its calm, pale rays into the open woods, yielding a light scarce less brilliant and clear than that of the sun, affording our pursuers every advantage which daylight could have given them. Shot after shot pealed through the woods, and so close did they press upon us that we had no time to elude them by dodging, and no thicket presented itself as far as the eye could reach. A spent ball penetrated my thigh, but it only added fleetness to my gait as I dashed impetuously on. Once I cast a look behind. Two Indians were abreast, far in advance of the howling pack. I turned behind the next pine, and taking deliberate

aim, fired. "Wah!" exclaimed one, as he fell forward upon his face. I saw his companion stoop over him, while the wood echoed with the yells of those in the rear. Reloading my piece as I dashed on, endeavoring to keep each tree that I passed between myself and my pursuers, I again began to increase the distance between us. Again I covered myself by a tree, and again the foremost Indian halted from the chase. Reloading as before I hastened on, my companion a little in my rear, when suddenly, to my consternation and surprise, I found myself close on the margin of a broad lake, extending far on either side. To alter my course would only bring me nearer to the Indians. All escape seemed hopeless. A heavy volley whistled past, as the infuriated savages approached, yelling in hideous concert. I turned to meet my fate at the moment my companion fell to the ground. Half rising and calling to me in the most piteous tones, he was grasped by the ruthless savages, who clustered around him. Amid the shouts and din I heard the tomahawk cleave his skull, and heard his expiring groan. In their midst I fired, and dashing my gun into the lake rushed into the thick tall weeds that grew far out into the water, determined at least to escape the appalling fate of my companion. As I looked back I felt a numbing sensation in my breast, and the warm blood gushed upon my hand. I was falling from the stunning shock when I grasped among the tall iron-weeds for support, some of which broke off in my hand. They were hollow,

and placing one in my mouth I sank beneath the surface, where, not without difficulty, I succeeded in drawing a breath or two through the weed. After moving to some distance from where I had first disappeared, and to where the water was deeper, I was forced to raise my head to the surface in order that I might enjoy a freer respiration. The cold water soon coagulated the blood, and the severe wound which I had received in my breast ceased to bleed, and though I cannot say that I felt comfortable in my new element, yet the sense of even temporary security from my merciless pursuers was no small relief to my mind. Luckily the position which I had attained was thickly grown with tall weeds and pond lilies, so that while I had an opportunity of observing the movements of the Indians, I remained completely screened from their view. They were nearly all gathered around some two or three whom I had either killed or wounded by my last fire, while some three or four of their number were prodding among the weeds and water in search of my body.

I remained in my concealment until they gave over the search, and departed, yelling like so many fiends from a hellish carnival, to their camp.

## CHAPTER VII.

John emerges from his concealment—Fever—Delirium—Insensibility—Recovery—Despondency—Reviving influence of the brightening dawn—Morning repast—A new feeling—His wanderings—Second night in the wilderness—Dreams—The evening gun—Arrival at the St. Johns—Joyful emotions on first reaching the army—Surgical operation—Rule for estimating degrees of pain—Recovery—Reflections upon the past—Reformation resolved upon—Return to Philadelphia.

THE moon had risen high in the heavens ere I ventured to emerge from my uncomfortable concealment. I was chilled to the very vitals, and a cold shudder ran over my whole frame as I attempted to drag my stiffened limbs along the beach. Fearing that the Indians might possibly be lurking in the vicinity I determined to lose no time in quitting the place which had been the scene of so much horror, and if possible to reach some spot of greater safety. But my limbs refused to perform their office, and I sank down upon the ground, shivering and cold, unable to proceed. The wound in my breast commenced to bleed afresh, and soon a burning fever seized me, and I crawled to the beach to quench my parching thirst. A dimness came over my eyes, accompanied by a dreadful nausea. My head became dizzy, and lake, ground, trees and bushes wheeled round and round till darkness shut them out from my view.

The tall pines threw their lengthened shadows far over the moonlit lake, and their tops tossed to and fro in the chill wind with a sullen roaring sound when I rose from the cold earth. Ragged white clouds were passing swiftly overhead, and occasional gusts of wind startled me as they rustled the leaves and bushes at intervals. How long I had lain there I could not tell, but it was evident from the position of the moon that many hours had passed during my unconscious slumber. With difficulty I regained my feet, and binding my handkerchief as well as I could upon the frightful wound in my breast I again essayed to leave the spot. Slowly and stealthily I plodded my way along the lonely beach until I reached the extremity of the lake, then striking into the woods I travelled on, unconscious of the course I was pursuing, until I reached a small thicket, into which I turned and sat me down to rest.

I suffered excessively both from loss of blood and hunger, and I sank back against the trunk of a tree, where I hoped I might die in peace. Filled with the most desponding thoughts I sat out the dark hour which preceded the approaching day; but when the streaks of amber light began to ascend the east, and shortly after, when the glorious sun sent up his cheering rays, dispersing the gloomy shadows of the night and tinging the dewy leaves with gold, while the hymn of nature rose upon the morning breeze from every glittering spray, imparting life and animation to the scene, my subdued and broken spirit seemed

to take its hue from the brightening prospect, and I remembered that "while there is life there is hope."

My first business was to obtain something wherewith to satisfy my craving appetite. With my large knife I was enabled to procure an abundant supply of palmetto and other nutritious roots, upon which, and a few crawfish, I made a hearty meal. By this time my wounds began to be very sore, and on examination I found I had received other slight injuries besides those in my breast and thigh. But having partaken of a hearty meal, I soon felt sensible of my returning strength, and though but illy calculated in my crippled condition to survive a journey through the wilderness, much less to combat the foe which surrounded me on every side, I was encouraged by the past to hope for the future. I felt that my destiny was in the hands of an overruling Providence, to whom I was alone indebted for the preservation of my unprofitable life. What dangers had I not passed, and what hand but that of Omnipotence could have preserved me amid the perils of the past few days? A strange feeling sprang up in my breast, and, unworthy as I was, I breathed a fervent aspiration to Him, who, in much mercy, had permitted me to live to repent of the past, and who I trusted, with an abiding faith, would again restore me to my pious mother, that I might repair in some degree the wrong I had done her.

With slow and cautious steps I again resumed my way, ever hoping that the next hour would bring me either

to the camp I had left, to some of the numerous military posts, or to some settlement of the whites. But night again closed around me in the lonely wilderness. By the bright moonlight I wandered on, until I came to a public road. Whither it led I knew not, but that it would direct me to some settlement I was certain, and taking one end, I determined to travel as long as my strength would permit, or until I reached some place of safety. The moon had nearly gone down ere I sought a place of rest. Turning into a thicket at some little distance from the road, I gathered a pallet of moss and laid me down to rest, but not to sleep, unless that condition when one is half sleeping and half waking, startled at intervals by horrid visions, might be called sleep.

Various and strange were the visions shadowed forth upon my sleeping senses, as I lay on the moss-bed in the dark and solemn woods. Now I stood by the gushing fountains of Fairmount—the gardens were illuminated with lamps of transcendent brightness—the gravelled walks were filled with gay throngs of people—delicious viands were spread around—soft music floated upon the breeze—the song and dance were there, and joyous faces greeted me on every side—but, oh, vision of loveliness! Mary hung upon my arm, and the rich melody of her voice poured its enchantment on my ear, in accents of love. . . . . The illusion passed. . . . . I stood beneath the brilliant chandeliers of the gay saloon—my sisters, my

friends were there—'twas a joyous company, but I was not happy—there was one that looked coldly upon me—I gazed upon her as she passed me with averted face—she leaned upon the arm of Thaw, who bent upon me a smile of triumph. I left the hall, and the gay assemblage to meditate alone. . . . . Again the scene was changed. . . . . I was stretched upon a sick-bed—my mother's soft, melancholy eyes were bent upon me—she called my name, but I could not speak—a shroud lay upon the table, and I knew that I was dying. . . . . Then the din of battle, the peal of arms and the shout of the foe burst upon my ear—I had fallen, and I was crushed to the earth beneath horses' feet, but could not call for aid. . . . . The battle ceased, and the vision passed from the magic mirror of my fancy. . . . . I knew that I was upon my moss-bed —it was bright moonlight, and I cast my eyes around upon the leaves and bushes—a footfall attracted my attention— I listened—it surely was no dream—low voices whispered together, and then a swarthy Indian approached—behind him were many more. With stealthy step he drew near— his eyes glared with demoniacal fury—his hideous face was besmeared with gore—a bloody knife was in his hand, and clots of blood hung from his shaggy scalp-lock. I would have fled but could not—I would have plead for mercy but my tongue was paralyzed. Brandishing his bloody knife, he hovered over me, 'till, frozen with terror, I gasped for breath. He bore me to the earth—his knee was upon my

breast—with one fiendish yell he plunged his knife deep in my side. . . . . I awoke—just as an owl, that had perched itself upon a tree above my head, sent forth its wild, startling hoot. I was lying upon my back, trembling in every joint, while the cold perspiration stood in large drops upon my face. I turned upon my side and drew the moss about me, but when I again lost the sense of pain in sleep, it was only to allow my mind still wilder vagaries in the world of dreams.

At early dawn I resumed my journey. I had not proceeded far, however, when I discovered numerous moccasin tracks in the sand, and several strange and uncouth figures, which appeared freshly made. As these indicated the presence of Indians, I resolved to leave the road for fear they might pursue my tracks, if they did not meet me on the way. Striking again into the woods, I kept a constant lookout for Indians as I travelled on, occasionally pausing to rest, or to fill myself with the sparkle-berries and haws, which I found in great abundance. Night again began to close around me, still in the lonely wilderness. My wounds had become exceedingly painful, and I began to fear that I would be unable to proceed farther. As the sun was sinking beneath the horizon, and the sombre shadows began to dissolve into darkness, I laid me down upon my rude couch. My mind was oppressed with the awful thought of the sad death that awaited me, alone, in that desolate place, and my heart was full of melancholy forebodings,

when the distant report of the evening gun broke joyfully upon my ear. Words will not express the joyful emotions of my breast, as I listened to the deep reverberating sound, as it rolled along through the echoing valleys, until hushed in the stillness of the solitude that reigned around. I was overcome with joy—not wild, ecstatic joy—but a calm, holy feeling of gratitude, such as I had never experienced before, made me happy in the prospect of approaching relief and safety; and a tear stole down my haggard cheek as I caught the familiar notes of the tattoo, that came faintly upon the breeze as if to assure my hope. Marking well the direction of the sound, I soon sank into refreshing sleep, regardless of my physical pain, now that my mental agony was in a measure abated.

With the early dawn I rose and pursued my journey. My progress was necessarily slow, owing to my crippled condition and exhausted strength, and it was towards evening when I reached the margin of a large river, down which I determined to proceed until I should intersect the road, at which point I confidently expected to find the fort whose gun I had heard the preceding evening. An hour's walk brought me in sight of the "flaunting stars and stripes," floating proudly over what I afterwards learned to the pine pickets of Picolata, on the opposite side of the river. On arriving at the junction of the road, I found a large body of troops encamped, preparatory to their departure for Fort Drane. I was too much overcome by the intensity of my

feelings to answer satisfactorily any of the many questions that were eagerly pressed upon me by the deeply sympathizing and astonished group that gathered around me. I was soon conveyed to a tent, where I gave vent to my joy and gratitude in a flood of tears, while from my inmost heart went up the first offering of praise and thanks that I had ever raised to the throne of mercy.

Such was the swollen and inflamed condition of my wounds that I was immediately sent across the river to Picolata, where I was put in care of the surgeon, who proceeded to dress them, and as well as his facilities would allow, to administer to my relief and comfort.

On the following day, I was subjected to a painful surgical operation, the pain of which exceeded all the suffering of my past life. A rifle-ball had passed round from my breast and lodged underneath my shoulder-blade, which it became necessary to extract in order to heal the wound. My whole arm was exceedingly swollen, and my shoulder and back in the vicinity of the wound were inflamed to such a degree that the slightest pressure upon the surface caused the most acute pain.

I will not attempt to describe to the reader the excruciating agony which I was compelled to undergo while under the hands of the operator. Those whose stoical patience has enabled them to suffer the pangs of a throbbing tooth, day after day, until the whole face has become swollen and inflamed, before they could summon courage enough to ap-

ply "the rightful remedy"—the dentist's forceps—and whose eyeballs have started from their sockets as they felt the knife rattling over their gums with as much freedom as if the operator were opening an oyster, can form a slight idea, a faint conception of my suffering, by basing their calculation upon a just scale of proportion; or, in other words, by the rule of simple multiplication, taking the inflamed gum for the multiplicand, and my lacerated shoulder and back for the multiplier.

I will spare the reader the revolting scene of an army hospital, and pass over the time of my sojourn at Picolata as hastily as possible. For many long weeks I was confined to my rude camp-bed, while my ears were filled with the imprecations and groans of the miserable tenants of that horrible abode, and not unfrequently were my eyes greeted with the unsightly spectacle of some mutilated and ghastly corpse as it was borne unceremoniously to its grave. The conviction that I too would soon be conveyed to my final resting-place had settled upon my mind, and such was my desire to undeceive my family and friends that, had there been any one among my attendants who seemed capable of sympathy for me or commiseration for my fault, I should have made myself known to him, and have relieved my conscience from the painful secret which had so long rankled in my bosom.

At length my wounds began to heal, and the chills and fever, with which I had been attacked since my arrival at

Picolata, began to yield to medical treatment. As I gradually recovered my strength I resolved, let the consequences be what they might, that so soon as I was able I would return to my home, where I might once more enjoy the friendship and sympathy of my friends. Often, after I had sufficiently recovered to leave my room, would I totter down to the bank of the beautiful St. John's, and seated by the water's edge, meditate upon the past and resolve for the future. I found it impossible to trace my misfortunes to any other source than to my own reckless, wayward, indomitable temper. My selfish jealousy had been the cause of my original despondency, and my thoughtless impetuosity of temper, which had always urged me to extremities in almost every act of my life, had plunged me into the bitter deeps of misery which had succeeded. My spirit was subdued. I ha[illegible]ng enough upon the husks of adversity, and, like th[illegible] of old, was ready and willing to direct my steps ho[illegible], where, if I had not a father to meet and forgive me, I felt there were those who would gladly welcome me back to life, and without whose forgiveness life was valueless and death tenfold more terrible.

The term had expired for which I had enlisted, and I was discharged from the service, with several other volunteers from Georgia and Carolina, with whom I left Picolata for St. Augustine, in order to take the packet from that place to Charleston. On my arrival at the latter place I lost no time in procuring a passage to Philadelphia. After

a very short passage, during which nothing of interest transpired, our good brig entered the capes, and passing up the noble Delaware with a fair wind and favoring tide, we met with no delay, and on the afternoon of the second day Philadelphia with her lofty towers and steeples lay spread out before us.

I cannot describe the sensation produced in my mind on once more beholding the familiar objects of my youth. A thousand joyous recollections were revived and a thousand bright anticipations created as my eyes rested upon the scenes of past pleasures. What would I not have given could I have greeted the many familiar faces that met me on the wharf? But I had resolved first to ascertain how matters stood before I ventured to make myself known even to my own family. It was toward evening when I sprang upon the wharf. Nearly all the small pittance of a soldier's three months' pay was gone. I had no baggage, and with a light heart and yet lighter pocket I found myself once more upon my native soil, within a few days of two years after my supposed suicide.

## CHAPTER VIII.

**John determines to reconnoitre before venturing to make himself known—Ascertains that his family are all still living—Visits Mary's residence—Discovers his old rival in the act of pressing his suit—The ghost acts an important part—Mr. Thaw's encounter with the ghost—His discomfiture.**

My first impulse was to ascertain whether my family were still all living, and such was my anxiety to be assured that my poor old mother had not fallen a victim to my rash and wicked deception, that I was on the point of hastening to her residence, and if she was still alive, to throw myself at her feet, confess and explain all, and implore her forgiveness. But she was a firm believer in the supernatural, and entertained such a dread of ghosts and apparitions, that I was sure that the reappearance of her own dear son, unless previously prepared for it, would be a greater trial for her than his sudden and melancholy exit.

Almost mechanically my feet carried me to the door of my once happy home. But I dared not to enter. For some time I paced up and down the sidewalk in front of the house. A strange gentleman entered the house, and shortly after reappeared with my two sisters; a feeling of deepest contrition sent the blood to my temples as I noticed that they were dressed in second mourning, doubtless for me. The windows of the parlor

were hoisted; and as my sisters stepped into the street, I saw my mother's head thrust out. "Take your shawls, girls," said she in a voice that harrowed up a flood of tender recollections, "it will be chilly when you return." I was too much elated to hear the reply and hastened away, leaving my sisters and their gallant in conversation with my mother, happy in the assurance that death had not entered my home during my absence; and now a new hope revived within me that all might yet be well.

My next anxiety was to ascertain whether Mary, for whom I now felt the tenderest regard springing up in my bosom, still survived. I soon found myself in the vicinity of her residence, and after passing to and fro before it for some time, I ventured, when no one might observe my movements, to steal a glance within. There was the little parlor, the scene of so many pleasant recollections, where I had passed so many happy hours with her whose every smile had shed a ray of joy upon my soul, and whose every tone was music to my ears; but it was desolate. Could it be possible that she was dead? Or was she worse than dead,—married to another? The thought was maddening, —and though I felt that I deserved no better fate, yet the uncontrolled grief which she had manifested at my funeral encouraged me to hope that there were no grounds for my latter suspicion, and that if she was still living, she would forgive and yet be mine.

With these reflections I left the spot, with the determina-

tion of again returning at a later hour, to make further investigations. Occasionally passing the house to observe whether there was yet a light in the parlor, I continued my rambles through familiar scenes, until at length my attention was arrested by a tall gentleman, who entered the house over which I was keeping such faithful vigil. A light soon shone from the parlor window, and I approached with the hope of satisfying my curiosity on a subject which increased in interest the longer I was kept in suspense.

Stepping lightly upon the little veranda which extended along the whole front of the building, I cautiously approached the window and looked in. A tremor ran through my whole frame, and I could almost hear the violent throbs of my heart as I beheld, seated near the centre-table, my own angelic Mary, lovelier far than ever, and, like my sisters, still in her mourning weeds. The gentleman whom I had seen enter sat with his back towards me, a little distance from her, with whom she was engaged in conversation.

"Will you never," said he, "give over wasting your thoughts upon that hair-brained fellow?"

My breath was suspended as I waited for her answer.

"I beg," replied Mary, "that you will drop the subject. I have often intimated to you that my affections were not in my power to bestow, which I should think would leave you without motive for recurring to a matter which must ever remain a source of sorrow to me."

My breath came free again.

"Cruel girl!" exclaimed the exquisitely dressed spark, as he sprang upon his knee in a real stage attitude, "will you never relent? Will you not renounce one dead, who, when living, was unworthy your love, and by bestowing your affections upon one who can appreciate the inestimable treasure, and whose love for you has no bounds—will you, dearest Mary—"

"Say no more, and do get up, Mr. Thaw."

Thaw! I could hear no more. My first thought, when I heard that hated name, was to massacre him upon the spot. But my better judgment triumphed for once, and I contented myself by compressing my clenched fists until the blood started to the surface. I could not listen longer, and I determined to break up the courtship for that night at least. I resolved to bring supernatural power to my aid, and if possible to bluff off my rival by haunting the premises. What horrible noise should I make that would sound ghost-like was my next study. I recollected that several years before, when quite young, as Mary and myself were passing down Arch Street, we discovered an old sailor lying drunk in the gutter. As we approached him I remarked to her that he was dead, and that the body-snatchers would be apt to get him, on which the old fellow raised his head as well as he could, and shouted, in a most ludicrous tone: "John's alive! John's alive!" as loud as he could hollow until we were out of hearing. There was nothing in the incident, but the exclamation afterwards be-

came a byword with us, and often, when I had stolen upon her, I had startled her by a tap upon the shoulder, at the same time that I exclaimed in her ear: "John's alive!" I was assured that she would at once recognize my voice and our old byword, which she knew was only known to ourselves, and which no doubt she had last heard from my lips.

Mr. Thaw still refused to rise, and persisted in doing the impassioned lover before the mortified girl in a truly dramatic style, while she begged and entreated him not to act so.

"I care not," he continued, "though you frown upon me and repulse me a thousand times; I would not yield to such a rival when living, much less when dead. I'll—"

"Do get up, Mr. Thaw, and do not act so foolish," interrupted Mary, endeavoring to withdraw her hand, which he had grasped and was conveying to his lips.

"I will not rise from your feet. No power shall move me hence until you promise me that—"

"John's alive!" I exclaimed in a hollow voice.

"What's that?" gasped the startled Thaw, springing to his feet.

"It is he!—it's his ghost!" cried the fainting girl, as she fell back in her chair with a frantic scream.

My object was attained, and I suddenly decamped, leaving the frightened couple to their reflections, while I wended my way to an obscure lodging, where I intended to remain

until I could devise some plan of making myself known to my friends.

On the following day the ghost story was current among the gossips of the neighborhood. Various exaggerated accounts of the affair were in circulation, but all the old ladies agreed as to my identity, and pronounced it nothing more than right that the cruel authors of my untimely death should be visited by my spirit. I liked the turn the matter had taken, and hoped by keeping up my ghostly visits to drive my hated rival from the field, though I was not without some qualms of conscience when I thought of the distress which my scheme would necessarily inflict upon Mary, against whom I no longer felt any resentment, since I was now well assured that she remained true to her plighted faith. Indeed it required some effort to overcome my misgivings on this subject. But such was my implacable hatred to Thaw, and so strong was my desire to consummate my revenge for the suffering he had caused me that I could not forego the opportunity afforded me of annoying him, even at the severe cost of her for whom I now entertained sentiments of regard equally devoted and sincere, if not so ardent and intense, as my first fond delirium of love.

Accordingly, on the following night I determined to do the ghost to perfection, and prepared to "dress for the character," by taking a sheet from my bed.

As I anticipated, I found Thaw in attendance, offering his condolence to my poor terrified Mary, and endeavoring

to persuade her that it was all a hoax, attempted to be practiced upon him by some of his mischievous acquaintances. After listening some time, I placed myself full before the window, and when he asked her what reason she had for thinking that it was my ghost, and she replied, "Because it said—"

"John's alive!" I exclaimed, in the same hollow tone, as I strode past the window.

"There it is again!" in a faint voice from Mary, and a loud "Ugh!" from Thaw, as he caught a glimpse of my retiring form, was all I had time to hear.

Suddenly depositing the sheet out of sight, I hastened from the place; but before I turned the corner, I noticed that my example had been speedily followed by Mr. Thaw.

I had succeeded too well to abandon my project, and I determined to watch my opportunity, and whenever I could do so with safety, to give them a call.

On the following night I observed a light in the parlor rather earlier than usual, and so soon as I conceived that I would be free from interruption from persons passing in the street, with my eyes and lips well smeared with burnt cork, my face well powdered, and my sheet as before, I stepped lightly upon the porch and stole a look in at the window. Two or three of Mary's acquaintances were sitting with her, and the idea occurred to me that they were watching for the ghost. Though Thaw was not there, I did not like to disappoint them, and passing slowly past the window, I ex-

"I grasped him by the ankles and . . . tossed him into the street."

claimed as before, "John's alive!" One universal scream came from the inmates of the parlor, and as I turned to leave, a heavy missile whizzed past me, just grazing my side, and passing through the railing in my rear, carried away two or three pieces by its force. On raising my eyes in the direction from which it came, I beheld my rival coming full tilt to meet me. What was to be done? If I attempted to escape into the street, the hue-and-cry which he might raise would certainly cause my detection. With my usual presence of mind, I stood motionless and still, until my assailant was about to clutch me in his grasp, then dropping suddenly down, I grasped him by the ankles and tossed him, partly by main strength, and partly by aid of his own impetus, far over my head into the street; and in less than three seconds from the moment I first discovered him, was again in the street. To remove all signs of the cork and powder was but the work of a moment, and by the time a crowd had been collected by Thaw's groans, and the screams of the women, I was mingling with the astonished and inquisitive spectators.

"Are you much hurt, sir?" inquired one, of the bewildered Thaw.

"Oh, it's a ghost!" gasped he, with his first breath, as he rose from the pavement, against which his head and shoulders had come in rather unpleasant contact.

"Yes, indeed," said a little girl, who held a lamp in her

hand, "for we saw it, and it said 'John's alive,' as plain as anything."

"Oh! yes, we all saw it, and heard it too," exclaimed several of those standing upon the porch.

"Did you see it, sir?" I inquired very earnestly of Mr. Thaw, who stood trembling in every joint and deadly pale.

"I was watching for it," he replied, as the crowd gathered round him, "but did not see it until I heard it speak. On hearing it I rose up and threw a brickbat at it, which passed right through the shadow, but it never moved. Still thinking it might be somebody I rushed towards it, and just as I was about to take hold of it it vanished, and I knew no more until I found myself on the bricks here, dreadfully stunned."

"They say it is werry dangerous to take hold of a spirit," said a little duck-legged man, with eyes like saucers.

"To be sure it is," replied a tall, broken-nosed Irishman, "for didn't Michael McCracken get four of his ribs broke by thrying to lay hould iv one that was walking off wid the only parr of throusers he had in the world?"

"Is it possible!" exclaimed the little man, casting a most credulous gaze into the speaker's face.

"To be sure it is," replied the other, "for didn't Mike til me himself the nixt mornin' whin I wint to see him, and the docther was puttin' things to rights wid him?"

"When did that happen?" asked one. "Was it this same ghost?"

"Oh, no; this was a fortnight ago, come Sathurday night, that Mike seed the ghost. It's abed he was, in his own house, sleepin' as harmless as a suckin' peg, whin he heard somethin' sneeze like. 'W o's thur?' sis he, and he seed somethin' white at the fut iv his bed. 'I'll be betther acquainted wid ye, my lark,' sis Mike, and wid that he thurned out. 'Who are ye?' sis he. 'I'm a spirit, Michael McCracken,' sis the ghost. 'The divil ye are,' sis Mike, not belaving a word iv it. 'Whisht!' sis the ghost as it jerked past him widout touchin' the floor. But Mike had a dhrop in his head, and wasn't afeard of the divel, so he wint to take hould iv the sperit, whin it vanished like a snuff, and poor Mike knowed no more till he found himself on the floor in the mornin' wid four ov his ribs broke and his throusers and the very shate off the bed was missin'."

"Mercy on us!" groaned the little man.

There were some doubts expressed by the crowd as to the genuineness of Michael's ghost; but there were too many witnesses to testify to the appearance of the one which had used Mr. Thaw so roughly to leave any doubt upon the subject.

"It is now two years since the man drowned himself, I believe?" said one.

"Yes, and this is the third time he has appeared since Miss Carson came from the country."

"There must be something wrong, or his troubled spirit

would not walk the earth o' nights in this way," said the little man, who turned to each speaker, and seemed anxious to hear every word that was uttered in relation to the affair.

"It's very singular—very singular, indeed," said the wondering crowd.

Mr. Thaw made a brief examination of his bruised cranium, upon which he discovered several prominent developments that were not there before, adjusted his battered beaver as well as he could, and went limping home, perfectly satisfied that he had encountered a spirit from the other world.

"Well," thought I, as I left the astonished crowd, still pressing their inquiries concerning the mysterious apparition, and discussing ghost stories in general, "if my discomfited rival does not now raise the siege, then he is indeed proof against ghosts."

## CHAPTER IX.

John begins to apprehend that he is carrying the joke too far—Seeks an interview with an old friend—With difficulty establishes his own identity, and engages him to prepare his family for his reception—The meeting—Convinces Mary that he is no ghost—Discovers a new relative—The wedding day appointed—Two grooms to one bride—The wedding—The ghost again—The astonished parson—The explanation—The consummation—The end.

On the following morning the penny papers blazoned forth the full details of the ghost story. The affair had created a considerable sensation among the credulous and marvel-loving portion of the community, and I began to fear that I was again making Philadelphia too hot for me—to use a homely but very significant expression—should I by any mischance be discovered. My vindictive spirit had been somewhat appeased by the discomfiture of Mr. Thaw, and upon reflection, I determined to discontinue my ghostly visits, ere I should have fallen into my old error of carrying my jokes too far, if I had not done so already.

I was now extremely anxious to make myself known to Mary and my family, and seriously meditated how I should again come to life without frightening them all out of their wits. I resolved to seek an old friend and schoolmate, who had in days past been my confidant, and make him the mediator between the dead and living. I found him

at his law-office—he had married since he attended my funeral, but was the same frank, courteous fellow that I left two years before. I found it no easy matter to broach the subject to him, notwithstanding. Requesting a private conversation with him, I declared myself, but it was not until I had narrated to him all the circumstances of my singular adventures, and recalled to his mind several circumstances connected with our past lives, that he seemed willing to acknowledge me; and though the hearty grip of the hand which I gave him when I enjoined him to secrecy to all but my family and Mary, could not but convince him that he was conversing with flesh and blood, he seemed to recoil from me as if still unconvinced, so long and firm had been his conviction of my death. After gently reproaching me for my conduct, and being cordially assured of my full repentance, he took a professional view of the matter, and consented without fee to become my counsellor and attorney. I desired him to prepare my mother and sisters for my reception on the following day, and to have Mary one of the party. He promised to do so, and we parted to meet at ten in the morning.

Agreeably to appointment, I found my friend at his office, who informed me that my family were nearly frantic with joy at the news of my return, and that Mary was so exceedingly happy to learn that her John was indeed alive, and that I was ready and willing to forgive her

for all the suffering she had caused me, that she had been in a state of almost hysterical mirth ever since he had broken the matter to her.

It was a joyous meeting when I embraced my fond old mother and affectionate sisters—who all gave vent to their overjoyed hearts in a flood of tears. Mary colored to the temples as she approached in her turn. "John's alive!" I exclaimed, as I sprang forward and impressed a kiss upon her lips. "*That's* no ghost," said she, as she turned blushing away. Next came the strange gentleman whom I had seen with my sisters on the first day of my arrival. He was introduced to me as my brother-in-law. He had been married to my eldest sister only a few weeks, and was shortly to return to the South, his place of nativity.

After the first tumultuous greeting, I was compelled to detail the events of my life since my mysterious departure, which elicited many a tear, and many an exclamation of wonder from the intensely interested and sympathizing listeners. After dinner I drew Mary to the sofa, where, uninterrupted, we recounted all that had passed, and conversed seriously and rationally of the future. I found her all my heart could wish—fond, generous, and forgiving—and I regarded her as a rich treasure, the possession of which would abundantly compensate for all my past sufferings.

From her I learned the sad history of her own sufferings during my absence, and though the recital pained me, and

caused me to execrate my past conduct, yet I could not but feel a degree of gratification at the evidence of her unalterable attachment. She had spent most of her time in the country, and had returned with my youngest sister from Northumberland only a few weeks previous to my arrival in Philadelphia. Though Thaw had been importunate and annoying to her at a time when she refused to see any company, he had lost sight of her shortly after my funeral, and had only had an opportunity of forcing his society upon her since her return from the country. "And," she concluded, with a smile, "I do hope the fall he got the other night has effectually abated the ardor of his attachment."

It was evident to all that it would be impossible for me again to make Philadelphia my home, and that I would be incurring a great risk by even permitting it to be generally known that I was still living. I could not expect to make reparation to the family, the sanctity of whose vault I had violated, and should it be discovered that my suicide was but a hoax, curiosity would be immediately excited to know who had been taken from the river and buried in my stead. Besides, the notoriety which my recent exploits were calculated to give me, when it should be found out that Mr. Thaw's ghost was no other than myself, was calculated to disturb my quiet, if not to derogate from my standing in society.

My brother-in-law, who was a young physician, suggested that I should accompany him to the South, which I con-

sented to do, on condition that Mary would make one of the party. This proposition met the approbation of my mother and sisters, and to crown my wishes, Mary readily yielded to my proposal of a speedy marriage; and all was arranged for the consummation of our happiness. The day was appointed for our wedding, which was to be conducted with as much privacy as possible, on that day week, at which time my brother-in-law would be ready for his departure. In the meantime I kept within doors, only venturing into the street at night, and then carefully avoiding observation. I saw Mary frequently, who assured me that her family were perfectly reconciled to our union, since the explanations which I had given them of my past conduct, and the assurances of my thorough reformation. During the intervening week, Mary informed me, much to my surprise, that Mr. Thaw had recovered from his fright, and had again urged his pretensions to her hand. I still entertained a desire to complete my revenge upon him, whose importunities it seemed no denial or entreaties could dissuade; and now an idea occurred to me, which, if I could secure the co-operation of Mary, would cap the climax of the whole affair. After much persuasion, I succeeded in inducing Mary to become an accomplice in the execution of my design, which I urged would be a just retaliation for the annoyance he had been to me, and a fit reward for his pertinacity in thus pressing his suit against her known wishes. It was accordingly arranged that she should accept

that gentleman's proffered hand, and appoint the following Wednesday, the day designated for our own union, for the wedding day, leaving the issue of the affair to me.

Matters being thus arranged there were now three of us preparing for the wedding, Mr. Thaw, Mary, and myself. The auspicious night approached. Thaw was in ecstasies, and might be seen arm-in-arm with his groomsman, a fellow of his own kidney, sauntering up and down the street as the dusk of evening approached and the gay company began to assemble, almost incapable of suppressing his ineffable delight. My sisters and brother-in-law were of course invited. Early in the evening a considerable number of young persons were assembled, principally all the personal friends of Mary and my sisters, who had invited the company, Mr. Thaw being content only to bring his groomsman. The parson had arrived, and everything was in readiness, but before entering the parlor Mary assisted me to dress the ghost in a superior style.

"There," said she, as she adjusted the bandage about my jaws and smoothed down the folds of my long winding-sheet, "you'll do for John's alive now." Then shaking her taper finger at me with an arch look, as she went to join the company in the parlor, "Don't you fail to be there in time. Remember, you must come when the parson says 'hold their peace.'"

"Never you fear. I'll be there. Tell sisters to scream their best, and don't let the room be too light."

"My stars, John, how horrid you do look! I'm afraid you'll scare the parson off too, and that'll spoil all."

"No danger; he ain't afraid of ghosts. But if he goes to run you must all catch hold of him."

Mary entered the parlor, and I took my post at the door, where I might through the keyhole observe the movements of the wedding party. The door was left slightly ajar, and Mary took care that no one should be in the way to obstruct its opening.

Thaw was dressed in a long-tailed blue, with large metal buttons, brimstone-colored pants and white satin vest, and his long soap-locks, which had just then come into fashion, were combed down over his lantern jaws, and glistened with bear's oil and pomatum until they almost vied in lustre with his glittering buttons. He sat in a fidget for some time, devouring with his great sheep's eyes my modestly attired Mary, whom he was about to lead before the parson.

Everything being in readiness the delighted groom led forward his blushing bride. The good parson commenced the ceremony of tying the matrimonial knot with all the accustomed solemnity, while Thaw bent upon the assemblage a look of complacent satisfaction that spoke plainer than words the joyous emotions of his heart on the eve of such an auspicious event. There was a deathlike stillness in the room. The parson proceeded:

"If any have aught to say why this couple should not

be united in the holy bands of wedlock let them now speak, or forever after hold their peace."

"I forbid the bans!" I groaned in a solemn tone.

"Now, who's that?" said Thaw in a voice that betrayed at once his rage and trepidation, as he cast his eyes fearfully over his shoulder, and amazement was depicted in every face that met his view.

"John's alive!" I exclaimed, as the door flew open as if by magic, and I strode slowly into the room in my ghostly attire.

A loud scream burst from the affrighted females. Mary fell into my sister's arms, who screamed her prettiest. Thaw, with the exclamation of "Lord preserve us!" in his mouth, fell sprawling over his terrified groomsman, who was endeavoring to make his way through the parson's legs to the door. Even those who were in the secret shrunk in the corners or hastened from the room, while the good parson stood with uplifted hands, the picture of astonishment and wonder.

"I come to claim my bride!" I continued, as Thaw and his man disappeared through the door. Then hastily divesting myself of the white sheet in which I was enveloped, and removing the powder and cork from my face, I commenced to apologize to the parson, who seemed even more than ever amazed.

"I beg your pardon, sir, for the interruption which my strange and rather unceremonious appearance has occa-

"John's alive! I exclaimed, as the door flew open." (121)

sioned. I am very sorry that circumstances should have rendered such a course necessary. I would be very loath, indeed, to break up a wedding party, and rather than the affair should prove a failure, with the lady's consent, I will gladly supply the place of her absconded lover."

The old gentleman started; but my sisters and Mary coming to my aid, who were his personal acquaintances, matters were soon adjusted, and the face of the good parson soon assumed its wonted calmness and benignity of expression.

"Well," said he, with a long breath, "young people are full of their tricks, but I never expected to be called upon to marry a ghost."

Producing the license the ceremony proceeded without further interruption, and John Smith and Mary Carson were duly pronounced man and wife. Thaw left the city in the night line for New York, having discovered that a trick had been played off upon him, and with my happy bride, in company with my brother and sister, I took my departure on the following morning for the sunny South, where I am now settled, after all my hardships and adventures, the happiest John *alive!*

# GOING ASHORE.

. . . . . Neat, trimly dress'd,
Fresh as a bridegroom; and his chin, new reap'd
Show'd like a stubble land at harvest-home;
He was perfumed like a milliner;
And 'twixt his finger and his thumb he held
A pouncet-box, which ever and anon
He gave his nose, and took 't away again.

KING HENRY IV.

*Gon.*—Now would I give a thousand furlongs of sea for an acre of barren ground; long heath, brown furze, anything; the wills above be done! but I would fain die a dry death.

TEMPEST.

READER, were you ever at sea? If you were not, your knowledge of the world, however extensive, is only partial. A first voyage at sea is like an introduction into a new world, which, in every respect, materially differs from that we inhabit. The elements themselves are not more at variance than are the customs, usages, and conventional forms of maritime life, and those by which society is governed and regulated on *terra firma;* and the dweller on dry land finds himself not less at fault in his first intercourse with

the sons of Neptune, than would a finny inhabitant of the world of waters, were he to find himself in the midst of a reduction or commercial convention. It will be long ere I forget the wonders that burst upon my astonished senses, when, for the first time, I beheld the sun drowned in the sea, and the broad arch of heaven resting upon its waters. Perhaps they are rendered more vivid in my mind by the recollection of an adventure which came nigh being the closing scene of my career.

It was a bright, beautiful morning in the month of September, 1830, that our vessel neared the island of Key West. Business of the most imperative nature demanded that I should pay a visit to the island; and as the captain had promised to touch at that port principally for my own accommodation, and as the wind was unfavorable for making the harbor, it was proposed that the jolly-boat be sent ashore, while the vessel would "lie off and on," until our return. Accordingly, the boat was got in readiness for the voyage.

Among our passengers was a Mr. J. Theophilus Hill, of New York, a Broadway exquisite of the first order. Mr. J. Theophilus was about twenty-one years of age, of tall stature, effeminate in appearance and manners, and possessed about as small a stock of the commodity called common-sense, as any other of the same kidney. From the lofty proportions of his legs, and the almost total vacancy of his garret story, one would have judged that he was born in

the "decline of the moon," which fact (if we may apply the principle to the growth of such vegetables), would account for his having run entirely to root. But it would be a waste of time to attempt a particular description of Mr. Hill. Suffice it to say, he was one of that class of petty aristocracy so common in our large cities, and which are, of all others, the most intolerable and disgusting to the man of sense. The aristocracy of Europe has something about it to entitle it to the respect of those who have been reared under those institutions, and whose national pride finds vent in giving honor to the titled dignitaries of the land. The aristocracy of learning and talent, in this or any other country, is justly entitled to and ever receives the deference of those who are capable of appreciating the nobler attributes of our nature. But the upstart clique, who style themselves the first circle, and who lead the fashions and comprise the ton of our large cities—springing as they have in many instances, from a community of thrifty old tallow-chandlers and soap-boilers, who, without education or refinement themselves, knew not the importance of cultivating the minds of their children—is, perhaps, the most contemptible of all circles.

Mr. J. Theophilus was now, for the first time in his life, absent from the city of his birth, and the circle of exquisite fellows in whose society he had moved, and, as may readily be supposed, manifested in his deportment all the vanity and ignorance of a conceited coxcomb, which ren-

dered him the butt not only of his fellow-passengers but the crew.

The necessary arrangements were completed, and we were about "coming in stays," as the sailors call it, in order that the boat might be lowered from the davits, when Mr. Theophilus issued from the cabin, dressed *a la bon ton*, while the fumes of *eau de Cologne*, with which his clothes were scented, might have been "nosed" above all the odors of tar and bilge-water.

"I say, capting! capting!" said he, in his shrill, small voice, as he flourished a fine embroidered handkerchief about his countenance, "I believe I will make one of the go-ashore party myself—eh, capting?"

"As you please, sir," replied our courteous captain, "but I would advise you to remain, unless your business is urgent. It's a long pull to that lighthouse, and the boat I fear is leaky."

"Business!—my father retired from business five years ago. I'm never bothered with business. I only wish to see the natives. They must be rare creatures—eh, capting!—never seen New York, I s'pose—must be perfect characters, split me!"

"If that is all," replied the captain, "you will be but poorly paid for your trouble. The inhabitants of the island are civilized beings, and do not differ materially from other citizens of the United States."

"Eh, capting! what?—do you call them citizens of the United States? Is Key West in the United States?"

"It is an island belonging to our government."

"Is it?—well, if I hadn't forgot it, split me."

The lady passengers, of whom there were several, had come on deck to see us off. Mr. Hill bowed and scraped, and grinned for a moment, then resuming, he said:

"Besides, capting, I am dying for something good to eat. I believe I shall perish before the end of our voyage. I have not enjoyed a mouthful since I eat the last of the preserves and cake which my dear ma put in my trunk, if I have, split me. And, ladies"—continued he, running his hand into his pocket and jingling some silver change—"I'll bring you something nice, depend upon it—something fit to eat, if it's to be had among the natives for money, split me."

"I'm sorry, sir," said the captain, his face mantling as he spoke, "I am sorry that my table—"

"Ah, no apologies, capting—no apologies. No doubt you have done your best, but, capting, you know it depends a great deal how one's been raised. I have always been accustomed to the very best, split me."

The ladies begged him not to expose his precious life for their accommodation, assuring him that they were well satisfied with the fare of our captain's table. To which Mr. Hill replied:

"Oh, well, it's just as one's raised."

The captain turned to him with a smile, and advised him, if he desired to go, to change his clothes, reminding him that his fine suit would suffer in such an expedition.

"What did you remark, capting?" replied Mr. J. Theophilus, giving a look of pride at his "long-tail blue" and shining broadcloth pants, which, as was the fashion in that day, were tight at the knees and very wide at the bottom, where they were neatly strapped down over a pair of fine morocco boots.

"You had better put on some old clothes; those will be injured in that leaky boat."

"Old clothes!" exclaimed Mr. J. Theophilus, with a stare; "old clothes! Why, capting, I never had any old clothes in my life."

"Indeed!" replied the captain. "Do as you please, Mr. Hill."

"All aboard!" said one of the sailors, as he dropped the oars into the boat and prepared to "lower away."

"Good-by, ladies," said Mr. Hill, as he crawled upon the taffrail; "don't be alarmed for my safety, my dear creatures; there's no danger, and I'll bring you something nice, if I don't, split me."

A tin bucket was thrown into the boat. Two sailors, the mate, myself, and Mr. Hill then took our places, and the boat was lowered into the water. In the next moment we were hid in the trough of the sea or setting lightly on the curling caps of the waves, while the brig, with her sails

square set and right before the wind, was fast disappearing from our view.

I took my station in the stern and grasped the tiller; the mate took his post as pilot in the bow, and the sailors plied the oars, while Mr. Hill occupied a middle seat. In the confusion of getting our places we had not discovered the leaky condition of the boat until we were nearly foundered with water, which gushed in streams from every joint. The oakum with which it had been caulked was forced out in many places by the current, and such was the rapidity with which the boat filled that even the mate became alarmed and made signals of distress to the brig, which, however, were unperceived by her crew. We were fast sinking, and it became necessary to keep the boat in the trough of the sea to prevent her going down immediately.

"Oh, Lordy!" exclaimed Mr. H., "we're gone! Oh, Lordy! What shall we do? I can't swim!"

"And if you could it would do you no good," said the mate, as he gave over all hopes of attracting the attention of the brig. "Our only chance is to keep the boat afloat until her planks swell."

"Dip, d—n it, dip!" said one of the sailors.

The bucket was floating between his legs. Mr. Hill seized it with an "Oh, Lordy!" and essayed to bale out the water.

"Dip, dandy, dip!" exclaimed the other, as he dropped

his oar, and prepared to do the same. "Dip, you dog, it's neck or nothing now."

"Oh, Lordy!" and the bucket flew faster and faster, though scarce removing a pint of water at a time.

"Hand it to me!" said the sailor.

"Oh, Lordy!" gasped Mr. Hill; then turning hastily round to comply with the request, in a fit of nervous trepidation he tumbled heels over head, bucket and all, into the sea. The rattle of the bucket as it struck the edge of the boat, and a faint "Oh, Lordy!" from Mr. Hill, was succeeded by the cry of:

"Man overboard!"

There was a slight bustle. In an instant the floating dandy was fished up, but all efforts to recover the bucket were ineffectual. Mr. Hill looked like a wilted poppy as he seated himself in the bottom of the boat, clinging convulsively to the sides. His blooming ruffles were gone, his exquisitely pointed shirt collar no longer maintained its erect position, and his shining beaver, which had set so gracefully upon the side of his head in the morning, was now the property of covetous old Neptune. His face was pale, and his head hung upon his shoulders. He was sick, and he heeded not the dirty water as it swept fore and aft at every motion of the sea, drenching him from head to foot. He had swallowed a mouthful or two of sea-water, and such was the refined sensibility of his stomach that it did not agree with him. It was not what he had been "raised in." For some

"A faint 'Oh Lordy!' from Mr. Hill was succeeded by a cry of 'man overboard!'" (133)

time he sat in silence, and when he spoke his first question was:

"Do you think it'll turn over again?"

"Take care *you* don't turn over again," was the reply.

"Oh, Lordy, if my dear ma only knew this—"

"What would she have done for you just now? I think you'll stay aboard next time, and let the *natives* alone."

"Oh, Lordy! how sick I do feel!" said Mr. Hill, as the salt water oozed from his thin, blue lips. "If ever I see New York again I guess I'll not get into such another scrape—if I do, split me!"

By this time the planks of the boat, which had been rendered leaky by long exposure to the sun, had swollen considerably, and we soon found, by the active application of our hats, that we were gaining on the leak. So soon as a sufficient quantity of water had been removed to render the boat manageable, the sailors resumed their oars, and we "kept her away" for a reef of coral, which rose above the water about a mile distant. Approaching the reef from the leeward we ran the bow of the boat upon the crust of coral, and having baled her as clear as possible, proceeded to caulk the leaks with our handkerchiefs and such other articles of clothing as might be spared. Mr. Hill was nearly crazed at the prospect of escaping a watery grave. He chattered like a magpie, and in the overflow of his zeal and magnanimity tore off a skirt of his "long-tail blue," and con-

tributed it to the common stock, declaring that if he was in New York he could caulk the boat with bank bills.

Just as we were about to put to sea, we discovered a pilot-boat bearing down for us under full sail. We were all overjoyed at the prospect of relief, for we were much fatigued, and Key West was still some eight or ten miles distant.

While we were awaiting her approach, we were aroused by a cry from Mr. Hill, who exclaimed, "Oh, Lordy! I'm bit!—I'm poisoned! Oh, Lordy!"

He had discovered a sea-egg, as they are called, lying upon the coral, where the water was only a few inches deep. Supposing it to be a soft substance, from the appearance given to it by the undulation of the waves, he grasped it in his hand, when his fingers were severely pierced by the sharp and spiral projections which surrounded it, the points of which were polished and sharp as needles. Several of the thorns had broken off in his flesh, in order to extract which it became necessary that Long Tom should perform a surgical operation, in which he was not very expert, as his instruments were dull, and, of course, gave his patient much pain.

"You mustn't try to rob old Nep's hen's-nest in that way, Mr. Splice," said Tom, as he wiped the blood from his jack-knife, "'case you're sure to get cotch'd."

"Oh, Lordy!"—roared Mr. Hill—"if my dear ma only knew—oh, how it aches!"

The pilot-boat took us aboard, and with our boat in tow, soon landed us on the beach at Key West.

We need not remark that Mr. Hill was a subject of quite as much curiosity to the *natives*, as he had supposed they would be to him. As we made our way into the town, the people stared at him; and his woebegone exterior, added to his silly air and conceited bearing, made him still more a subject of ridicule. Even the negroes turned to gaze as he passed, and often were they heard to exclaim, "I reckon dat man's done been *racked*." But what most mortified our hero was the fact that he did not find a man among the natives that knew anything about the house of Vanderfelt & Hill, though he found many who knew all about New York.

It was towards evening when we set out for the brig, which was now in sight, lying-to, to receive us. Our boat had been thoroughly repaired, and as the men bent to the oars, she skimmed through the waves with the velocity of a bird. Our conversation naturally turned upon the events of the day, and many a hearty laugh was enjoyed at the expense of the unfortunate Mr. J. Theophilus, who took no part in the hilarity of the hour, but sat sullen and morose, nursing his wounded hand, and, very probably, weighing in his mind the value of the lesson he had learned.

It was a delightful evening. The fresh breeze fanned our sunburnt faces, and the heavens displayed all the va-

riegated lights and colors of a southern sunset, as the fleecy clouds, rolled up in interminable banks, like mountains of snowy mist, caught and reflected in a thousand brilliant hues the last rays of the declining orb of day. We soon brought up alongside of our good brig, and shortly after I sat upon her deck in the bright moonlight, listening to Mr. Hill's account of the adventure, which he portrayed to the ladies in the most thrilling detail. The sea-egg, in particular, was dwelt upon with especial emphasis. He had never heard nor read of such eggs before, and he more than once inquired of the sailors what kind of fowl they belonged to. The trip ashore was a subject of amusement for the crew during the remainder of the voyage.

# RECOLLECTIONS

OF THE

# FLORIDA CAMPAIGN OF 1836.

## NUMBER ONE.

### THE ALARM.

"To arms! to arms!"

*Gerald.*—Why, the fellow's fears peopled every bush with lurking foes, each rustling leaf sounded in his ear a dread alarm. No wonder that he overrated thus his foe.

*Burgo.*—Aye, but in the end his fright was turned to good account.

OLD PLAY.

IT was on a bright, beautiful morning, such as is peculiar to that romantic country, that the army of General Scott lay encamped on the summit of an elevated piece of ground in the vicinity of Fort Drane. Our forces had been concentrating for several days, preparatory to a decisive movement against the enemy. Upwards of two thousand men were busily engaged in burnishing up their arms, preparing provisions, and putting everything in readiness for the march.

I was sitting in the shade of my tent, with some three or four of my messmates, packing our knapsacks, and carefully dividing our rations of sugar and coffee, salt and pepper, which was to last us until our return from Tampa, when the whole camp was suddenly aroused by the abrupt appearance of a horseman, who came dashing up the hill, shouting out: "Ingins! Ingins!" at the top of his voice. He was mounted upon a jaded nag, which, judging from its hobbling gait and projecting ribs, had been on half-rations for the past month as well as ourselves, and as he came galloping into camp, hat and coat off, hair flying, with the harness and trace-chains dangling at his horse's feet, he looked indeed the fit herald of approaching danger. None who beheld him could doubt for a moment that he had seen the Indians.

"Ingins! Ingins!" he exclaimed, as his Rosinante fetched up near the centre of the camp, "Ingins! Ingins!" Then halting for breath he resumed: "Five hundred Ingins right down here by my fence!"

"What?" "Where?" inquired twenty voices.

"Why," said he, as the crowd gathered round in eager anxiety, "I was ploughin' in my field, about a mile down the road here, just now, and all at wonst I seed about fifty Ingins in the edge of the bushes, close by the fence."

"Oh, only fifty!" said one.

"I'll bet he only saw a bush shaken by the wind," said another.

"Did they shoot at you?"

"No; but they would a' kiln me no doubt if I'd let 'em got close enough; but as soon as I seed em I unhitched Darby and come here as hard as I could split."

The officers, after a short consultation with the terrified man, who still persisted in the assertion that there were at least fifty Indians in the neighborhood of his field, ordered a detachment of fifty men from the company of which I was a member and about fifty regulars to be in readiness to march in five minutes.

There was a hasty snatching of arms, and as we knew that only fifty would be permitted to go, there was the greatest competition to get into the line first. In less than three minutes, the orderly commenced counting from the right, and as he came to the fiftieth man in the line, he desired the remainder to fall back.

"Oh! let me go, sergeant," said half a dozen in the most persuasive tone.

"Only fifty is the order," replied the officer.

There were several disappointed faces on the left; but the order was imperative. Some endeavored to exchange places with those who had been more fortunate in getting into the line; but not one could be induced to resign his opportunity of getting "a pop at the Indians."

In less than ten minutes from the first alarm, the detachment was on its way to the little plantation where the Indians were said to have been seen. The house was distant

from the fort about a mile, and was situated on the edge of a small hummock, which extended to some distance on the right and left of the little inclosure, in which our informant had been ploughing. After charging through and scouring the hummock in the vicinity of the field, without even discovering any signs of Indians, the detachment was about to return, when it was proposed to examine another part of the thicket some distance from the house. Accordingly, leaving a small party of mounted men, who had accompanied us from the camp, to make farther investigation upon the premises, we proceeded to the head of the hummock. Our detail was divided into two detachments, one of which—accompanied by the few friendly Indians who had been brought along as guides—moved up on the right and the other upon the left of the hummock; while the regulars, taking a circuit through the woods gained the head of the thicket, and advanced into it, with a view of routing the Indians, who, should they attempt escape, would of a certainty come in contact with either one or the other of our detachments, which were flanked out on either side, so as not only to command the hummock, but the high ground in the vicinity.

We had arrived at the designated point, formed in extended line, and were calmly awaiting the issue of events, when, as I stood facing the hummock, I perceived some object moving in the thicket. As I caught but a glimpse of the body through the thick foliage, its color resembled

that of an Indian. A thrill of excitement ran through every nerve, and just as I was about to raise my gun, the object gave a sudden bound towards me, and the next moment my Indian was a deer, standing not twenty paces from me, with head erect, presenting one of the fairest broadsides that ever tempted the aim of the hunter. Davy Crockett! what a fair shot! Who could have withstood the temptation! There it stood, perfectly unconscious of my presence —snuffing the air with distended nostrils—while its body stood out in bold relief from the trunk of a huge burnt live oak in the rear. Involuntarily, as if by instinct, my musket was brought to my face. Another moment and that deer had never left his tracks alive. But just as I was about to pull the fatal trigger, a murmur broke upon my unwilling ear,—"Don't fire! Pass the word not to fire!" was uttered by fifty mouths. It came from the officer in command. Still I held my gun upon the deer, nor did I remove my finger from the trigger. In spite of orders, my finger would pull; harder and harder it pressed upon the trigger, till at length, taking alarm at the clamor among the men, who all seemed deeply interested in the fate of the poor deer, and exceedingly fearful that I did not hear the order, it bolted again into the thicket from whence it had come.

"Goddess Diana!" thought I, as I brought my gun to an order, "where were you then? Would that the antlers of that deer were in the throat of the man who passed the

order not to fire." But I was not permitted long to indulge in this revery of disappointment and chagrin. A minute had not elapsed before crack!—crack!—crack! came the report of a dozen rifles from the centre of the thicket before us. Every eye was piercing into the thick hummock—every man grasped closely his gun—while a deathlike stillness prevailed throughout the line. Every countenance glowed with eager expectation, as they stood

"Like greyhounds in the slips,"

awaiting the onset. The next moment the enemy was full in view, and the terrific war-whoop!——did not burst upon our ears; but the same buck, which had so tempted my discipline but a minute before, with his white ensign flying, came dashing from the thicket. Poor deer! he had found the friendly Indians on the other side less formal than us, and having received a broadside from them, had returned to our side. As he reappeared, however, he met with a far different reception. Coming out above me, the man nearest him fired; the deer turned up the line, with his white tail spread to the breeze; he darted like lightning past, under the fire of the whole line. Shot after shot missed, until, near the head of the line, he encountered some who had killed their buck before. These soon put an end to the fun. A few bounds more, and the noble buck was numbered among the slain.

The firing had attracted the attention of the horsemen,

who came galloping up at full speed, eager to participate in what they thought a real engagement.

"We've got one, major!" exclaimed our officer, as one of them charged up to the spot.

"Ah! eh! where?" ejaculated the major, in a single breath, while his face glowed with excitement. "Where? where?"

"There, he lies behind those palmettoes."

Hastily reining his horse to the spot, and raising himself in his stirrups, he gazed over. Seeing the prostrate deer, he sat down in his saddle, and giving the officer a look, half-disappointment and half-reproach, replied,

"Oh! is that all?"

The regulars, when they heard the firing, were not less deceived; and expecting that we were engaged with the Indians, they advanced cautiously, each man taking care to cover himself by the trees. They were now in hearing, and as the firing ceased, and they could hear the general shout that we had "killed one," they came on hastily, as if anxious to be "in at the death," though they had enjoyed but a sorry chance in the chase.

"Huzza! we've got him."

"Where is he?" shouted the lieutenant, as he emerged from the thicket.

"There he lies, dead as a herring," answered our officer, pointing to the clump of palmettoes.

The lieutenant rushed to the spot, but, like the major, he

soon perceived the hoax, and turning away, discovered a not less ludicrous change of countenance.

We were soon joined by the other detachments. The few friendly Indians gathered round the deer, and gazed with their hungry eyes as though they would have devoured it on the spot.

"*Echoe inclis che!*" said one, as he turned grinning away, at the same time unconsciously licking his tawny lips.

"*Enca,*" replied another quaint-looking fellow, who had been examining the body in hopes of discovering a rifle-shot among the wounds; "*enca, echoe!* good too much;" then turning with an air of disappointment and slapping his hand upon his gun, he exclaimed: "holawagus che! no good."

Our detachment being now concentrated, all joined in a hearty laugh at the adventure. We retraced our steps to the camp. As we drew near we were encountered by numerous stragglers, eager to learn the result of the battle. Of course we told them that we had killed one, and, pointing them to the horse in the rear on which the deer was borne, they no sooner saw the blood than they bolted off to tell the news. By the time we arrived in camp it was currently reported that twenty Indians had been killed in the affray.

A meeting was soon convened of those who claimed to have hit the deer. Fortunately there were but three ball-holes in his hide, or there had not been a mouthful apiece

for the claimants. Matters had been adjusted, and the three who seemed to have the best right were busied in butchering the venison. Two of them were my personal friends, and I sat by them as they were engaged in dividing out the meat. It was splendid venison, and as I watched the butchering operations, and my mouth watered for some of the steaks, I could not but think how easily I might have killed the same deer.

"If it had not been for the orders of the officers," said I, "I could have saved the whole company the trouble of firing at that deer. I never saw a prettier shot in my life."

"That's a fact," replied one; "it was a shame they did not let you fire. You could not have missed."

"It would have vexed me had I been in the same situation," said the second.

The other individual seemed not to heed what was being said. He was one of those who in such cases sympathize with no one, or, in other words, he was a complete No. 1.

"I say, gentlemen, suppose we give Micconopy* the other quarter. One is as much as I want, and I do think he has a right to a part of the venison, as he could, had he been allowed the same privileges we were, easily have obtained the whole."

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* My nickname in camp. It was given to me by one whose familiar cognomen was not more enviable, viz., Gopher. Mine, literally translated, signifies pond king (micco, king; nophy, pond). The other is a species of land turtle found in Florida and some parts of Georgia.

"Agreed," said the other; "I don't want more than a quarter of fresh meat at a time."

"Yes, but the Indians had not fired when he had the chance to shoot, you know," said the third.

"Oh, well, devil the odds; let's give him the other quarter anyhow."

The other looked a demurrer, but he was overruled, and the fourth quarter was awarded to me. I gladly accepted it, and I dare say Mess No. 7 have not yet forgotten the delightful steaks it supplied, nor the fine soup which was made from the bones on the following day.

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## NUMBER TWO.

RETURN FROM THE PRAIRIE — MOONLIGHT SCENE — BURIAL OF THE DEAD.

THE chase was done, and the bugle had sounded a halt. Our straggling army, which had but an hour before been squandered through the tangled wood and dense hummock, in search of the flying enemy, was formed in order, and we were about to retrace our steps to camp. We had heard the shrill war-whoop, the sharp crack of the rifle, and the peculiar, though not very agreeable, whistle of the enemy's

bullets as they came whizzing over our heads, or splashed in the muddy water at our feet. But we were unharmed. Not a man was touched, and we felt ourselves victors, while in possession of the field, though we had not fired a musket. True, our bayonets had "looked daggers' points" at the enemy, and the lengthened scratches of the big-toe nails in the mud afforded abundant evidence that they, notwithstanding their vaunting yells and fierce onset, had preferred rather to evade than come to the point.

It was a hardfought battle, that battle of the "Spotted Lake," if we take into consideration the racing and chasing, wading and swimming, bogging and floundering, together with the feats of "ground and lofty tumbling" performed, though, like most subsequent Florida battles, it ended in smoke. There was fighting enough done, but there were no Indians caught; there was powder enough burned, but there were more wounded pine trees discovered after the battle than wounded Seminoles; and I am strongly of opinion that there was more turpentine than Indian blood spilled on that occasion. Few of us by that day's exploit were covered with glory, though every mother's son of us got well bespattered with mud. None were covered with scars, but many had their garments torn most copiously.

"This minds me of *Waterloo*," said a comrade, up to his armpits in mud and water, as we were returning through the lagoon.

"There! there goes the other flap of my coat-tail," said

another, as he was endeavoring to extricate himself from a web of briers with which he had become so completely mixed, that it was difficult to distinguish himself among the brambles.

"Moses in the bulrushes, young as he was, stood a better chance than we do of ever getting out."

"I don't see," said my file-leader, uttering a slight imprecation between his teeth, as he rose from the ground upon which he had just left a full-length impression of himself, "I don't see how them infernal red-skins got out of the way so quick. I couldn't run a mile a month in such a swamp."

"Look out behind there!"

"Thunder and lightning! what do you let the bush back in that way for? You've knocked my eye out!"

"It hung to my coat—couldn't help it."

"Give me your hand, somebody!" called out a little duck-legged fellow, whose head just stuck out of a quagmire, which the fallen leaves had hidden from his observation.

"Now, then! oh-he-o!" cried his friend as he drew him forth; "it's well you spoke, for I was just going to pick up your cap."

"Are you amphibious?" asked a rather quizzical messmate.

"No," replied the man in black mud, "but I expect to be before we get home."

"There you go again," cried a dozen, as down went one over a palmetto root.

"Come here and I'll help you up," said another.

"Just you mind your own business," was the reply, as the stumbler gathered up his musket and *fell* into place.

Thus were we discoursing as we clambered through the intervening thicket on our return to the prairie, where we had on the morning "stripped for the fight." On reaching the open ground we found our drummers standing sentry over our knapsacks, canteens, etc., which, when we had recovered, we resumed our march with the army. Till now I had seen but one dead and one wounded man, and those I had passed at a time when nearly the whole army except our own company was engaged, and when the roar of musketry, the yell of the Indians, and the shout of "Hurrah for Georgia!" which burst from our troops, drowned all thoughts of either the dead or dying; and the sight of one poor fellow, who lay beneath a shady live-oak, slowly breathing his last, with no one to receive his dying word but a stranger surgeon, at that moment excited no emotion within my breast. But now the dead and wounded were collected together, and the exciting scenes which had before borne the mind away from the contemplation of such objects, were past and gone, and as I regarded the lengthened train of white litters on which our unfortunate comrades were borne, I could not divest my mind of the melancholy reflections naturally suggested by such a spectacle. But

what has the soldier to do with sympathy? His rugged calling requires a heart tempered as his steel; and as I thought of the stern nature of our duty, and the darker hours which were, perhaps, yet in reserve for our own corps, I inwardly struggled to suppress those feelings which I felt under other circumstances it would have been a virtue to indulge.

The camp was distant from the place where we had engaged the Indians about two miles. To this place the killed and wounded were conveyed upon litters constructed of blankets, and borne upon the shoulders of the men. As we moved forward through the thick hummocks and over fallen trees, it was painful to hear the groans of the wounded as at times they were dragged rudely over some opposing obstacle or jostled against the trees. Though the aggregate of killed and wounded was small, yet it was a painful sight to see even those few thus borne from the field, and many a manly breast burned with the spirit of revenge, as we recollected that they had fallen by so treacherous, so base a foe. It was nearly dusk when we reached the camp. The place selected for the deposit of our baggage wagons was situated upon an elevated piece of ground, which had been inclosed by a rough breastwork, and left in possession of about three hundred men, who had been detailed from each corps in proportion to its size.

Those at the park could distinctly hear the firing, and as a friend afterwards informed me, each discharge of our ar-

tillery, as it was heard above the roar of the musketry, seemed to produce an electric effect upon the entire camp. Some cheered and shouted, some danced and jumped about the inclosure, while others seized their muskets and leaping astride the breastworks, seemed determined to participate in the fray. Of course they felt the most intense anxiety to learn the result, and as we approached within hearing distance those of our own corps who had been left behind pressed their inquiries with the most earnest solicitude:

"Who's killed?"

"Nobody!" from half a dozen.

"Who's wounded?"

"Nobody!"

"Tom!"

"Here!" answered a voice from the ranks.

"Hurrah!" came from the breastworks in reply. "I knew they couldn't shoot you, Tom."

As we marched in and formed our encampment each corps was questioned in like manner by those who had been left behind; but it was not the fortune of all to receive the same cheering intelligence. Every company had not been so fortunate, and it will be long ere I forget the deep expression of pain manifested by the changing countenance and filling eye of a Louisianian, who asked:

"Where is Robertson?"*

* Mr. Robertson was a gallant young soldier belonging to the Louisiana volunteers. He had distinguished himself on several occasions,

"He is killed," was the startling reply.

So soon as we were dismissed preparations were made for satisfying our craving appetites. Rations were drawn, our camp-fires lighted, and as we engaged in cooking and eating, the events of the past day, its dangers and its hardships, were soon forgotten in the enjoyment of our bacon and biscuits.

In the midst of our enjoyment, however, and just as I had snugly packed away the remnants of my scanty rations, and located myself in a comfortable position for the night, my back resting in a niche formed by the roots of a lofty pine, it was announced that our corps were detailed for picket guard. Without a murmur, we shouldered our muskets and again formed in company. It fell to my lot to be placed on the first relief.

Like most parts of Florida our encampment more resembled a beautiful meadow, with here and there a lofty pine, than ordinary uncultivated woodland, being as it was, clear from underwood, and carpeted with a luxuriant growth of long grass.

It was a lovely night. The moon shone brightly, casting a soft mellow light over the surrounding landscape, and reflecting her pale disk on the still waters of the little

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and his loss was deeply lamented by the army generally, but particularly by the gallant volunteers from his own State. He was shot through the head on the first fire of the enemy, and died after lingering several days. His wound was at first considered mortal.

lake that slumbered at the base of the gently sloping hill upon which our army was encamped. Upon its brink, where a tall pine threw its lengthened shadow far over its silver surface, had been assigned my post. It was light as day, and I could see from one extremity of our encampment to the other, and could distinguish many sentinels as they stood at their posts. Like myself they were weary, and they rested upon their arms, or leaned against some friendly pine, apparently meditating upon the events of the day which had just closed. The scene was one calculated to inspire the contemplative mind with sober thoughts, and to chasten the feelings by its calm and influence:

> "The birch trees wept in fragrant balm,
> The aspens slept beneath the calm;
> The silver light, with quivering glance,
> Played on the water's still expanse;
> Wild was the heart whose passion's sway
> Could rage beneath the sober ray;"

and doubtless many a grateful heart, in that still hour, was paying its orisons to Him who had preserved us unharmed amid the perils of savage warfare. The great mass of the army were already stretched upon the ground. Hundreds of gallant spirits, whose breasts on the morning of that day had glowed with intensest excitement, were now steeped in silent forgetfulness; perhaps reviewing in their dreams the thrilling incidents that had passed; or perhaps, borne on wings of fancy, were enjoying the blessed presence of friends

and relatives at home. All was still. Not a breeze or sound broke the unruffled calm of nature, save at intervals might be heard the faint and plaintive yell of some lone savage in the gloom of the far-off hummock, where, not unlikely, he was searching for some one of his tribe, who had not been found since the battle.

While leaning upon my gun, enjoying the calmness of the scene, and indulging in my own fugitive reflections, I observed a slight movement in the vicinity of the Louisiana line, at the opposite extreme of the encampment. In the dim distance I could observe a small body of men, and as the rays of the moon caught upon their bayonets, I could perceive that their arms were reversed. It was a corps of Louisianians preparing to bury an unfortunate comrade, who had fallen in the battle. It was a melancholy spectacle, such as was calculated to excite emotions of no ordinary character; and as the shrill but harmonious tones of some ten or fifteen fifes broke suddenly forth upon the stillness of the night, accompanied by the solemn, monotonous beat of a single muffled drum, the plaintive music touched a chord of feeling which vibrated with the keenest sensibility. Never before did the notes of that beautiful hymn breathe such sweet, such plaintive melody, as when they rose amid that wild scene and were echoed back from the gloomy depths of the trackless forest. Slowly the little group move, with measured tread, to the spot appointed for the last resting-place of their deceased friend. Wrapped in his blanket,

they laid him upon his lowly pillow, then returning the turf upon the grave, they left him there, to slumber,

> "On a spot without a name,
> Far hidden from the search of fame,"

and, in silence, retraced their steps.

Thus, thought I, terminates man's aspirations after glory. Doubtless the inmate of that rude grave had been actuated by the same sentiment of patriotism, the same love of glory, which glows so brightly in the bosom of every citizen-soldier. A noble spirit of devotion to his country had impelled him to leave his home, and to encounter the privations and perils of savage warfare. Doubtless he had anticipated his reward in the smiles of an approving country, the gratulations of admiring friends, and, above all, the inward consciousness of having done his duty, than which the patriot soldier has no richer recompense. But, I said to myself, what were all those bright and glorious day-dreams to him now? With him "life's fitful fever" is over, and to him the world's applause is but idle breath.

> "No more upon his ear will come
> The war-beat of the gathering drum,
> Or the trumpet's roaring blast,"

but all forgotten by the chronicles of fame, he will sleep on until the morning of the final reveille, when, if he have the countersign of an upright life, he will rise to be marshalled in the ranks of the blessed, and to participate

in the rewards of the just, which are worth ten thousand lives of earthly fame and glory.

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Just before sunrise the funeral dirge again breathed forth its solemn strain. Two more were consigned to the grave. At early dawn the bugle sounded for the march, the line was formed, and we were soon compelled to

"Leave them where breezes play
'Mid palm trees waving high,
And flowers exert such pleasing sway,
That death itself aside might stray,
Forgetting where they lie."

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## NUMBER THREE.

PICKET GUARD—STORMY NIGHT—SNUG QUARTERS—PATRICK FAGAN AND THE GEORGIA STAG.

READER, did you never, when some dire mischance has befallen you, in the course of the vicissitudes of life, entertain for a moment the impious thought, that of all other mortals you had been singled out as the victim of relentless fate? Have you not at such times felt a murmuring spirit within you, which almost ventured to reproach the Great Dispenser of good and evil with injustice? You have.

Well, it was with just such instigations of the devil in my heart, that I shouldered my musket, and repaired to the guard tent to take the place of a member of the company who had reported himself sick. I say it was with just such feelings that I shouldered my musket. Do not think, most amiable reader, that I harbored such a thought for more than a minute, or longer than merely to allow time for reflection. And when you learn the circumstances, though you cannot find it in your pious heart to sanction, either in yourself or me, so wicked a thought, yet I doubt not that the peculiar nature of my grievance will excite your sympathies in my favor, and in some degree palliate the momentary impulse of frail human nature.

Guard duty is at any time the veriest drudgery of a soldier's life, and in inclement weather, but for mere opinion's sake, I had about as leave be *under guard* as on guard, particularly when the prisoners are accommodated with a shelter. I had been on guard only a day or two previous, and was the first on the list to be detailed on the following day. It was about four o'clock in the afternoon, and the fast-gathering clouds and drizzling rain gave token of an approaching storm. I was snugly nestled in my tent with my messmates, congratulating myself with the reflection that I had escaped a stormy night on picket guard, and really sympathizing with those poor fellows whose fate it was to keep their vigils on such a night, when I heard my name called by the orderly. I looked out at a small

aperture in the tent which had been left open, not being disposed to get wet unnecessarily. "What's wanting?" I inquired.

"Get your gun (a tremor ran through my whole frame); get your gun, sir, and report yourself to the officer of the guard as substitute for ——, who has reported himself unable to do duty. You must be in haste," he added, as he turned away.

"But, sergeant, sergeant, I'm—"

"You're next on the list," was the stern reply.

The thing was settled. There was no appeal, no hope of release, and, what was worse, no sympathy, for as I picked up my musket and prepared to depart from the crowded tent, one remarked in reply to my grumbling: "We'll have more room, boys," and I thought, as I gave them a parting look, that their countenances expressed something more than mere gratification at their own escape.

On my arrival at the guard-tent I was incorporated in the third relief, which chanced to be entirely composed of members of my own company. The picket guard and supernumerary guard were standing huddled round a large blazing log-fire in sullen silence, with their necks bowed in stubborn defiance to the drizzling shower, which, as the night approached, increased to a drenching storm, while some ten or a dozen drunken regulars lay sprawled upon the ground in what was called the guard-house, in glorious unconsciousness of the rain that descended into their

weather-beaten faces. I elbowed my way to the fire, and stood in sad contemplation of my misfortune.

A few hours elapsed and it was night—and such a night! 'Twas black as Stygian darkness; not a star ventured to peep through the impenetrable gloom, nor a single brighter spot in the sable canopy above to indicate an approaching calm. There was one in the crowd assembled round that fire, and only one, the temperature of whose mind did not seem to harmonize with the scene. He was the same eccentric, jovial, good-humored, devilish, mischievous fellow in sunshine or in storm, on the march or in camp; "he was indeed a fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy," and so far from allowing adverse circumstances to affect his humor, it was his wont to indulge most in his merry wit when the contrast was greatest with the sullen humor of those around. Thus we stood grouped round the fire until the order: "Fall in, third relief!" summoned us to depart. We were soon distributed upon our respective posts, much to the gratification of the poor fellows whom it was our duty to relieve. Shortly after we were posted the storm increased, the rain descended in torrents, and the wind roared in the tops of the lofty pines. In spite of my good petersham and blanket to boot, I was soon drenched to the skin. I felt the cold water trickling down my back as I stood by a tree hugging my musket, which in spite of all my efforts, was as wet as myself. I could have crawled under an oyster-shell to escape the pelting storm, but there was no shelter

for me, not so much as a dry knot-hole, and I was obliged to weather it out. Two long hours, and like Florida miles, they seemed the longest I had ever experienced, at length elapsed, and my heart leaped with joy when I heard the sentinel next to me call out: "*Who goes there?*" In a few minutes more I heard the tramp of feet approaching. Judging from the sound, for it was as dark as Egypt, when they had approached within challenging distance, I hailed:

"Who goes there?"

"Relief," was the reply of a well-known voice.

"Stand, relief; advance, sergeant, and give the countersign."

"Clinch," whispered the sergeant.

"Countersign's correct; advance, relief."

"Forward, relief; halt! Advance, number seven; report."

After giving the sentinel the proper charge, I took my place in the rear, and we moved off. Several other sentinels were relieved in like manner, and we had nearly completed the round of the picket, when the sergeant, who was a regular and a strict old disciplinarian, ordered a halt.

"Where's number 'leven?" said he; "his post must be near here, but he has not challenged." He then groped about in the bushes for a minute or two, and returned. "I think it was at this tree number 'leven was posted."

"Perhaps we've passed his post," remarked one of the relief.

The old sergeant again made diligent search among the logs and bushes, but without effect. The line occupied by the picket guard was on the brow of a hill, so that it was difficult even in the dark to miss the post so wide as to be out of challenging distance.

"May-be he's asleep?" remarked the sergeant.

"May-be he's dead, you mean; none but a dead man could sleep on post, such a night as this."

"I'll call him," said the sergeant. "Sentinel! sentinel number 'leven!" No answer.

"Who was posted on this post, fellows?" asked one.

"The Ruga Dick, the big buck of the water, the Georgia stag," replied a hoarse sepulchral voice, which seemed to come from underneath the ground.

"Oh, it's that rascal Tom," remarked several in the same breath; and then there was a general laugh among the men. But the old sergeant was bewildered.

"Where did that voice come from?" he inquired in evident surprise.

Before he could be answered, the same voice broke forth in the same unearthly tones:

"Oh, young man, come and take me, and marry me,
And call me your own,
For I swear and declare, I am tired
Aliving alone."

The song led us to the spot, but still no one could be seen.

"Here he is!" exclaimed one, at the same time he gave

a kick against a flour-barrel in which the songster was ensconced. The kick had the effect to slue the barrel round, and another sent it rattling down the hill.

"Hello—quit that—stop—stop—it!" came from the barrel, as it went rattle-te-clink down the hill, till it was stopped by a log, and the next moment a form, whose snowy whiteness was even discernible in the blackness of the night, came crawling out of the open end of the barrel.

"*Who goes there?*" said the man in white.

The old sergeant knew not what to say; he endeavored to mutter some words of reproof, but Tom was too clever a fellow to get mad with, and as the whole relief joined to extenuate his fault, the old fellow, considering it was a "rainy night, anyhow," consented to laugh at the joke, and say nothing about it. The truth of the matter was, Tom, not being disposed to stand two hours in a pelting storm, had, after having been placed upon his post, strayed up into the camp, where he found an empty flour-barrel, which he carried, as near as he could guess in the dark, back to his post, into which he crawled with his musket, and where he might have remained "as snug as a bug in a rug" till morning, but for our intrusion.

On our arrival at the guard-tent, there had been quite an accession to the list of prisoners. Among the rest was a little Irishman, by the name of Patrick, who having indulged most too freely in the "craythe r," was now as merry and profane as a madman. He was lying sprawled out on the

"A form, whose snowy whiteness was even discernible in the darkness of the night, came crawling out at the open end of the barrel." (165)

ground, face upwards, railing away against the officers to his heart's content. He attracted the attention of the Georgia Stag, who coiled himself near him, and watched his opportunity for a quarrel. Patrick was complaining of the regulations of the camp.

"It's these d—d ponies that's made all the bother," said he.

"Whom do you call *ponies?*" demanded Tom, rising erect as he spoke. "You Irish rascal, if you call me a pony, I'll take your scalp in the twinkling of an eye."

Patrick was taken by surprise, and commenced at once to explain.

"Oh, it wasn't the likes o' ye that I meant, at all at all; it's these d—d rig'lar officers that I mane—they're what I call ponies."

Tom accepted the explanation, and lay down; but just as Patrick felt himself at liberty to rave against the ponies as much as he pleased, he was again interrupted by Tom, who, flourishing a large bowie-knife over the head of the prostrate Irishman, declared that he was a pony, and that he would cut his throat from ear to ear, if he said another word against them.

"You don't know," said he, with a boasting air, "whom you are dealing with. I am Ruga Dick, the big buck of the water, the Georgia Stag. Tie my leg to a swinging limb, and I'll whip all the Irish in Ireland."

Patrick stared for a moment as if confused in his under-

standing, and again begged off; but, perhaps perceiving his antagonist rather too ready to accept his apology, he in turn rose to a sitting posture and bullied Tom.

"It'll not do for the likes o' ye to thry to scare me. By the powers, man, do you know who *you're* talking to? If ye don't, make yerself aisy I'll break ivery bone in the d—d dirty skin iv ye."

Tom in turn affected to be dreadfully alarmed, and made every apology. Patrick lay down again, but continued:

"Yer a pony, are ye? hut, the divil ye are! Well, ye better not come any iv yer blarney about Patrick Fagan or he'll be the death iv ye. Don't thry to stop me from spakin' me mind, if ye are Georgia's bull or stag, or whativer ye are. Me tongue's me own if I am a riglar, and no man shall stop my—"

Just here Tom deliberately raised his leg and dropped it, mud, boot, and all, plump into Patrick's mouth. As if thunderstruck Patrick lay for a moment with the boot in his mouth, then with both hands he gave the leg a shove over his head, severely scraping his face and nose by the operation. Then rising to a sitting posture, with his mouth and eyes half-filled with mud, he demanded in a voice that spoke his rage:

"By the howly Saint Patrick, what do ye mane?"

"Mean?" says Tom, quite unconcerned.

"Yis, what do ye mane by putting yer dirty fut in me mouth?"

(170) "I beg your pardon, Mr. Fagan."

"Oh, was that your mouth? I beg your pardon, Mr. Fagan, I didn't mean to do it. I beg your pardon, my darling; just let me wipe off the injury, Mr. Fagan," and he drew his coat-sleeve across his face.

"Stop, stop," said Patrick, "yer makin' it worse nor it was."

"How—what?" inquired Tom.

"Why, ye've plasthered me eye up wid dough," replied Fagan, as he scraped away at his half-whitewashed countenance.

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Fagan," said Tom, as he gathered up a handful of pine straw and leaves, and offered to polish him off as clean as a whistle.

"Niver mind, niver mind," replied Patrick, as he continued to spit and brush away at his mouth and eyes.

Fagan becoming satisfied that the sudden blockading of his port of entry was the result of accident, manifested no further disposition of hostility, and again stretched himself upon the ground, and presently resumed his tirade against the officers. But what was his surprise, when, in the midst of his eloquence, the same muddy boot was again thrust in his mouth. This could be no accident, and Patrick whirled up in a fury.

"Now, Mr. Georgia Stag, what the divil do ye mane?"

"Now, Mr. Fagan, what do *you* mean by biting me like a dog when I'm asleep?"

"Is it biting ye, ye dirty bla'guard ye? Didn't ye put

yer dirty fut in me mouth, and may the divil burn ye for it, ye white-whiskered liar, ye."

"You try to bite me again, you Irish bull-dog, and I'll kick your teeth down your throat."

Patrick was stumped, and as in all probability a similar misunderstanding would occur if he remained where he was, he resolved to get rid of a bad acquaintance the best way he could, so he staggered off to the officer of the guard.

"Lieutinant," said he, "I can't sthop under that shanty ony longer."

"Why not?" demanded the officer.

"Bekase there's a chap there that's all the time putting his d—d dirty fut in me mouth."

"Well, keep your mouth shut then," was all the satisfaction poor Patrick received, and he walked off in search of a spot where he might rest secure from the intrusions of the Georgia Stag, a character entirely beyond his comprehension.

After the desertion of Mr. Fagan Tom also withdrew from the guard-tent and joined the party around the fire. He was covered with dough, and he found no difficulty in obtaining a place in the crowd, for each avoided coming in contact with him, as they would avoid having their wardrobes starched to excess.

When he had taken a survey of the dejected countenances assembled round the fire, he uttered a hoarse laugh, and commenced his favorite song:

"Oh, young man, come and take me," etc.

A half-drowned fellow who stood near him, with the visor of his cap behind, to turn the water from his shoulders, and his blanket gathered tightly round his shrivelled form, asked in a plaintive tone of voice,

"Tom, how do you stand it? don't you think this a little too tough?"

"Pooh, man, this is the glory of the camp; you are now enjoying the pleasures of a soldier's life," and slapping the interrogator upon the shoulder, he sang,

"Ah, the delights that a soldier knows," etc.

"Delight, indeed; well, they're welcome to it for me. I'd rather be a negro on a rice-plantation for life, than a soldier for twenty-four hours."

"What's that you say, 'red horse?' If you say anything against the life of us soldiers, I'll pull one of your bushy whiskers off. Ha! ha! boys, you don't appreciate the blessings you enjoy."

"How happy's the soldier who lives on his pay,
Spends half a crown out of a sixpence a day;
He fears neither devil, nor bailiffs, nor bombs,
But pays all his debts with the roll of his drums.
With his row—with his row de dow, dow," etc.

The merry humor of the singer was irresistible, and though the storm raged and the smoke streamed into our faces, the reckless spirit of our comrade soon became infec-

tious, and when he came to the chorus, several voices joined in

"With his row—with his row de dow, dow," etc.

The rain continued to descend without intermission; to sleep was impossible; there was no refuge from the storm, and our only alternative was to cluster round the fire, and endeavor to keep warm if we could not keep dry. The warm steam rose from one side while the cold stream ran down the other. It was a horrible night, and horribly did some of the old soldiers curse their stars that they should be on guard on such a night; and I must confess that I could scarce refrain from wishing that ——'s toothache might last a thousand years, just because he had chosen to indulge it on that particular night.

After the expiration of four hours, we were again summoned to resume our posts. Towards morning the clouds cleared away, the rain ceased, and the glorious sun rose in all its splendor, imparting a cheering and a genial warmth to all. The lively notes of the morning reveillé banished all recollections of past suffering, and as the parade and pageant of military usage brought us into action, and excited in us a spirit of emulation, the breast of the patriot soldier experienced an emotion of pleasure which richly repaid him for all the privations and hardships which his duty to his country required that he should suffer.

## NUMBER FOUR.

FORT DRANE—NIGHT IN CAMP—PATRICK FAGAN AND PHELIM O'BRIEN—JOHNNY HOGAN AND THE GHOST.

How often in my moments of retrospection does memory revert to the pleasant sojourn of our corps in the encampment at Fort Drane, previous to our march with General Scott to Tampa. Beloved Lang Syne!—how many are the thrilling associations connected with the recollection of our adopted home.* With the remembrance of thy tented field and rude defence, thy sultry plain and shady groves, are associated,

> . . . "The neighing steed, and the shrill trump,
> The spirit-stirring drum, the ear-piercing fife,
> The royal banner, and all quality,
> Pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war."

To those who participated in those trying scenes, that once familiar spot will be stamped on the tablets of their memory as a bright oasis in the wilderness; nor will it be less dear to the recollection of Georgians as the homestead of him who was their friend in the hour of privation and peril,—the brave and generous Clinch.

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* During the marches and counter-marches performed by the corps while in Florida, Fort Drane, or Lang Syne, was always spoken of as our adopted home.

For some three or four weeks after our arrival at the fort we were obliged to remain inactive, with little other duty to perform than what pertained to the security and comfort of our camp. When not on guard or engaged in drilling, the time was spent in sauntering about the parade-ground, or lying in the shade of our tents, discussing the "*camp news*" of the day, and in exchanging ideas upon topics connected with the approaching campaign. After tattoo, it was customary to assemble round our camp-fires, where the hours passed merrily off, till the dying embers and our heavy eyelids admonished us to retire to our tents. Not unfrequently were we entertained at our nightly *conversaziones* by a straggling regular or so, whom we always welcomed to a seat, with a cordiality proportioned to their convivial powers, and many, indeed, were the strange stories and quaint jests with which they "did beguile us of our ears," not unfrequently "setting the whole camp-fire in a roar."

One dark night we were seated round a cheerful, blazing fire; the little barber, who boasted his English nativity, had just concluded his favorite song,

"The sea, the sea, the hopen, hopen sea,"

in the execution of which he imagined himself not a jot behind Braham, when Patrick Fagan came staggering up, and seated himself upon the slab which had been raised to the dignity of a bench by the insertion of two wooden legs at each end.

"The top iv the mornin' til ye, gintlemen," said Patrick, as he seated himself.

"You're mistaken, Patrick, it's not morning yet," replied one in answer to what was meant as a most courteous salutation.

"Well, well, it's all wan betwixt friends," replied Pat, evidently bothered at the blunder he had committed. "It's all wan betwixt friends. I know what grammar is as well as the next, but ye see, the fact is, gintlemen, I'm a little beside mesilf, jist at this present writin', for I seed a nagur the night wid a heart as white as the best of yees."

"How do you know his heart was white, Patrick?"

"Why, ye see, I happened to come across the chap jist as he was comin' out iv a petate-hole wid a bag iv the petates. 'Look here, blacky,' sez I. 'Stop,' sez he, 'don't say a word,' sez he; and wid that he pulled out a bottle, and shuck it. 'It's rum,' sez he; and I hadn't more nor put it till me head afore he was out o' sight."

"Give me your hand, Patrick Fagan," cried a dozen in a breath.

"I knew your people in Ireland," said one.

"You're a gentleman of the first *liquor*," said another.

"I'll stand to your back, and see your brains knocked out," exclaimed a third.

"I'm your friend in prosperity," said the fourth.

"Sthop! sthop!" cried Patrick, as they all rushed round

him in their pretended eagerness to participate in his good fortune. "*Sthop! sthop! gintlemen, it's all gone;* divil the dhrop's left in the world."

"Gone!" exclaimed one, in a desponding voice.

"All gone!" cried another; "out, you guzzler!"

"Ain't you ashamed of yourself, Patrick Fagan, to swill down a whole bottle, without treating your particular friends!"

Patrick felt the sudden "haul of the wind," and would have given the coat on his back if he had not mentioned the circumstance.

"Oh, it's divil the dhrop there was more nor a good dhram in the bottle, and there's Phelim O'Brien that drunk the best part o' that."

"Don't lie about it, Pat."

"By my troth, it's the truth that I'm spakin'—here's Phelim comin', and you can ax him."

Phelim O'Brien was a tall, robust fellow, rather above the middle stature, with a good-humored Irish face; and being a man of some intelligence, his society at the camp-fire was as much relished for his better qualities, as was that of little Patrick for his ignorance and stupidity. As Phelim approached, Patrick called out:

"Didn't I trate you to the best part iv the bottle, Phelim O'Brien?"

Phelim stopped short, and throwing all the contempt

"Sthop, gintlemen, its all gone; divil the drop's left in the world." (179)

into his face which his features were capable of expressing, replied:

"If the looking into an empty stable is stalin' the horse that's gone, then I drunk your liquor. Divil the dhrop above what would wet the tip iv my tongue did ye lave me."

Patrick raised both hands as well as he could, and exclaimed: "Oh, murther! at the ungrateful blackguard."

As Phelim took his seat on the opposite side of the fire, the general laugh excited by Patrick's discomfiture quite drowned the execrations which followed his exclamation.

The conversation then took a change, and Phelim, whose left arm was in a sling from a wound received at the battle of the Withlacoochie, gave us many interesting particulars connected with that gallant affair, not, however, without frequent interruption from Patrick, who swore that "Phelim O'Brien could bate the divil himself at a lie."

"It's very dark to-night," remarked one, as we heard the picket-guard challenging the relief.

"You may say that," replied Patrick, who seemed anxious to have a share in the conversation, "and if I was as big a liar as Phelim O'Brien, I'd keep a sharper lookout to-night for the divil nor iver I did for Indians."

Phelim cast a look around the fire expressive of his contempt for the speaker, but deigned no reply.

"I should not like to be on picket-guard to-night," said one, as he gave the burning chunks a stir.

"Nor I, especially if I had the post by the tree in rear of the pickets," said a fellow in a half-gape and half-yawn.

"That ghost that came so nigh frightening W—— to death will be there to-night, for certain. Poor fellow, I fear he'll never recover his wits; he don't know the butt from the muzzle of his musket, ever since he fired it that night."

"That was the ghost of ould Hicks," replied Patrick. "It's no wonder he comes afther yees, whin ye wint an pulled the ould body out iv his grave. But I'll tell ye what," continued he with a drunken leer, "I'd like to captiwate another black ghost wid a bag o' porates and another bottle o' rum, any time."

"Did you ever see a ghost, Pat?" inquired one in a serious tone of voice.

"To be sure; there's plinty o' them in the ould counthry, but they hates the smell of whusky as the divil hates houly wather."

"That accounts for your escape then, Pat; your breath was always too strong for them."

"That's a fact, for didn't I always take a dhrop whenever I wint to a wake, or wheriver they were?"

"Well, boys, it's near bed-time; let us have a ghost story and adjourn. Come, Phelim, you are from the old country, tell us of the ghosts."

"I'll tell you about Johnny Hogan's ghost, but that's no story, for it's thrue as preachin'."

"Well, huzza for Johnny Hogan's ghost!—silence, boys, for Johnny Hogan's ghost."

"I'll warrant Phelim's as good at a lie as the next," muttered Patrick.

"Silence, silence! for Johnny Hogan's ghost!"

When the whole company had relapsed into profound silence, Phelim resumed in a serious tone of voice:

"It was whin I belonged to the 23d Infantry, and we were stationed near a small town in the south iv Ireland, that the matter which I'm goin to tell yees happened. Johnny Hogan was a messmate o' mine, and a clever fellow, too, in his way, but the whole regiment couldn't perduce his equal for blusterin' and braggin'. Take his word for it, an he wasn't afeard iv witches, fairies, ghosts, hobgobblings, nor even the divil himself, and when the men who had seed evil spirits prowlin' about when they were on post tould him about thim, he always laughed at them for cowards, and swore by the Houly Saint Patrick, he would shoot the first wan iv thim that tuck it into his head to pay him a visit. One dark night, jist such a night as this, it happened to be Johnny's time to be on picket-guard. Johnny Hogan had bin on post about an hour, whin the church-bell of the village struck twelve, and just as the last stroke died away, he heard a deep groan, proceedin' out o' the ground close to where he was standin', and whin he turned to look, what should he see but a tall white figure risin' slowly out o' the ground. Johnny's hair stood up

like bristles, and he gasped for breath, but he was determined to challenge the awful tall figure, if it was ghost or divil. So he brought his gun to his shoulder and called out in a faint voice, 'Who goes there?' for he didn't know but it was somebody thrying to fool him. The tall figure niver spoke a word, but seemed to get taller and taller, and stretched out his long arm towards Johnny, and beckoned to him as if he wanted to say something private wid him. But Johnny stood his ground like a man, and axed him again like a true souldier, 'Who goes there? Speak,' sez he, 'or I'll fire!' and wid that he cocked his gun; but the tall figure niver minded the click o' the lock, no more nor it had been a pop-gun. That kind iv scared Johnny worse, for he knowed nothin' but a ghost could hear the click iv his musket widout speakin'. His knees begun to feel weak, but he was determined not to back out, and was jist going to pull the thrigger, when the tall figure said in a hollow woice:

"'I've come for ye, Johnny Hogan, and you must go wid me to the cowld, cowld grave,' and thin he guv an awful groan, and stretched out his arms wide enough to grasp the whole regiment.

"'I can't lave me post widout orders,' sez Johnny.

"'Follow me,' sez the ghost.

"'Niver,' sez Johnny.

"'Then I'll take ye wid me,' sez the ghost.

"'I'll see ye d—d first!' sez Johnny, pluckin' up cour-

age, seein' the ghost talked the same brogue wid himself. Wid that the tall figure walked towards Johnny wid his arms reached out to take hould iv him.

"'Stand and give the countersign!' sez Johnny.

"'The grave,' sez the ghost.

"'Not correct,' sez Johnny, and wid that he fired; but the ghost niver stopped at all, though he wasn't more nor a foot from the muzzle. The nixt moment he had Johnny around the waist.

"'Sargeant o' the guard! Sargeant o' the guard!—murther!—Houly Saint Patrick pertect me!' shouted Johnny, as he felt the cowld arms o' the ghost around him. He heard a deep groan 'To the grave,' thin the ghost guv him a squeeze, and Johnny niver know'd anything more till he found himself in the guard-tint, where he had been carried by the relief."

"Then it wasn't a ghost after all?" inquired several, who had sat in breathless silence during the whole narration.

"No, it was all a trick played on Johnny by a messmate, to cure him iv his braggin' purpinsities."

"But wasn't he afraid Johnny would shoot him?"

"Not wid no ball in his gun; he tuck care to draw the ball before Johnny wint on post. He got the sheet and a little flour from the drummer's wife, and afther he guv Johnny the squeeze, and left him sinseless upon the ground, he ran into his tent, brushed the flour from his face, and

was among the first to hear the awful account of the whole matther from Johnny, who liked never to recover from the fright, and couldn't spake a word till he'd swallowed a pint iv the crathur."

Patrick, who had become envious of the popularity which Phelim had acquired at the fire, now became very insolent and quarrelsome with his rival.

"It's a big lie from beginning to ind," said he, with a contemptuous sneer at the narrator, who sat on the end of a log, smoking a short pipe which he held in his teeth.

"Now jist keep yer tongue to yerself, ye little spalpeen," replied Phelim, kindling at the insolence of one whom he considered so far his inferior. "If the gintlemen hadn't more perliteness nor you have breedin', they'd ordher ye away from the fire."

"I'm as welcome here as yerself, ye lying thief o' the world; didn't ye stale the captain's rations, ye bla'guard?"

"Yer a liar!" replied Phelim.

The next moment the pipe which he was smoking was broken into twenty pieces by Patrick, who sprang like a cat across the fire, and dealt him a blow full in the mouth. In another moment the dexter arm of the wounded Phelim was raised, and descended upon the head of poor Patrick with the force of a sledge-hammer, which sent him with such velocity to the ground, that his heels flew up, and he actually made two distinct kicks heavenward before his lower extremities again reached the earth. Phelim then

picked up a barrel-stave and addressed the prostrate Patrick:

"Now gather yerself up, and take yerself off from here, or I'll break ivery bone in the d—d dirty hide iv ye."

After a moment Patrick Fagan did gather himself up and take himself away, casting a subdued look at the company about the fire, as he took his departure, but without uttering a word.

It had now grown late; the smouldering chunks were nearly extinguished, and we retired to our tents to dream of Johnny Hogan and the ghost.

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## NUMBER FIVE.

### THE GENERAL'S HORSE.

DURING the whole campaign I do not believe that there was a single court-martial convened in the wing of the army to which our corps belonged, and I am certain that there was not a single individual in the company who was either officially arrested, tried or punished. The greatest penalty inflicted upon any of our members was, on one or two occasions, when a rather turbulent fellow was required to keep in his tent for a few hours, by our own officers. The very judicious remarks of Colonel Lindsay, on mustering

us into service were not made in vain; and I shall always consider that the brief address delivered to us on that occasion produced much of that spirit of subordination and soldier-like bearing for which our corps were so highly complimented by our commanding generals, Scott and Clinch.

But the same cannot be said of other branches of the Florida army. Indeed quite the reverse was the case in some of the volunteer battalions belonging to the left wing, or Colonel Lindsay's command. Speaking of these troops, one of their commanding officers remarked that "one might storm h—ll with such men, if he could but command them," which would seem to imply that want of discipline was their greatest fault. Courts-martial with them were as common as reveille.

While our wing was encamped on the beach, at Tampa, a friend who belonged to Colonel Lindsay's command, which was then encamped in the vicinity of Fort Brooks, on the opposite bank of the Hillsborough, invited me to dine with him. Accordingly, after procuring permission to leave the camp, I accompanied my friend to his quarters. He was admirably well skilled in the *cuisine* of the camp, and was *au fait* in the science of frying fritters, in which particular he excelled to such an eminent degree as to render it the common boast of his mess, that when he was cook,

> . . . "Every paunch, till it can hold no more,
> Is fritter filled as well as heart can wish."

And then he was a perfect Ude in the art of boiling peas, to cook which I have often tried, but always failed, until initiated by him into the culinary mystery. In return for his kindness I showed him how to make a *Withlacoochee Razee,** and by our united skill a dinner was produced such as had not greeted my palate for many a day; and with a canteen of sour wine, which we procured from the sutler, we were enabled to make a sumptuous meal.

We had completed our repast, and were sitting beneath the shade of my friend's tent, talking of events in either army; he telling me the "fortunes, sieges he had passed," and I recounted mine to him, when our attention was attracted by a dialogue something like the following:

"I don't care a d—n! I didn't come here to build brick ovens for other folks to bake bread in. I came here to hunt Indians."

"Yes, but you know that's the general's orders, and you must take your turn with the rest."

"I tell you I'm no brick mason, and I'm not agoing to do any such thing."

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* The Withlacoochee Razee was a very popular dish with the Blues, and takes its name from having been invented by them at a time when their rations were very short, while encamped on the banks of the Withlacoochee. On that occasion the haversacks were emptied of the crumbs of bread which were left, which, being put into a tin-cup with a few small pieces of bacon or fat pork, were stewed to what was called "a perfect razee." It afterwards became a popular dish, and whole biscuits were often broken up and stewed in like manner.

"Yes, but you must!"

"No, but I won't!"

"Then you'll have to ride the general's horse again, as sure as fate."

"Well, I'd rather do that than tote brick and mortar."

"Then I must report you."

"Well, report and be d—d, for what I care. Let them build the oven who want biscuits baked in it—I bake my bread in the ashes."

"Very good; I shall report you," was the reply, and the dialogue ceased.

"What's all that about?" I inquired of my friend, who had been laughing heartily all the while.

"Why," says he, "they had us building a large oven here, to bake army bread in; for which purpose a detail of three men from each company is regularly taken every day. They had me there yesterday, making mortar all day. But they've detailed Bill Jenkins to-day, I see, who would rather fight than work at any time, and would rather ride the general's horse, as they call it, than either."

"I wonder who wouldn't," I replied; "I'd take that job off Bill's hands myself, for the remainder of the campaign."

"You would, eh!" smiled my friend; "I fear you'd rue it if you did. I rather expect our general's horse is not the nag you take him to be."

"No? What, is he skittish?"

"Oh, no; gentle as a lamb."

"Bad gait then, I suppose?"

"Not at all, wouldn't know that he was moving in a day's ride."

"What are his objectionable qualities, then?" I inquired with some curiosity.

"Nothing that you have hinted at," replied my friend laughingly; "if you'll step out here upon the parade-ground I'll show him to you."

We took a few steps from the tent and my friend pointed to a large rough pine log which was supported by three legs raised about ten feet from the ground.

"There," said he, "there is our general's horse; if you are anxious to mount, he is at present at your service, though I think, from what the corporal said, Bill Jenkins will take an airing on him this evening."

Of course I declined the honor.

"Then this is the way you punish delinquents, is it?"

"Yes, we either mark time, or ride the horse; some prefer walking, others like to ride. Bill's sure to take the horse."

I had some little curiosity to see the termination of Bill's case; the more so as my friend had described him to be a droll genius, and one who generally took such matters very coolly, and bore their affliction with the resignation of a soldier.

Bill's contempt of orders was immediately laid before the

court-martial then in session, and the corporal returned to see judgment executed upon him.

"I told you so, Bill," said the corporal approaching, "you are to mount the horse."

"Well, I always said if ever I volunteered to hunt Indians again, that I should prefer belonging to a horse-company," said Bill; "I'm ready; where's the hostler?"

The corporal posted off after the supernumerary guard, whose duty it is on such occasions to guard the prisoner, but who, when there is no special duty of this kind to perform, generally lies in the shade and sleeps, while he whose luck it is to belong to the regular guard is doing duty. The corporal approached a large, lazy-looking fellow, who lay snoring in the shade of an orange tree, and shaking him by the leg,

"I say, Johnson, Johnson, wake up and get your gun; you must go and do duty at the horse."

Johnson rolled over on his back and rubbed his eyes.

"What—eh—I don't belong to that relief—I'm su-per-nu-mer-ray-ry—oh"— and went to sleep again.

"Pshaw!—pshaw!—wake up," said the corporal, giving a harder shake than before.

"Hello! hello!" grunted Johnson, rubbing his eyes as if he would rub them out, "what do you want?"

The corporal explained, and Johnson got upon his feet, stretching, gaping, and grumbling. The corporal marched his prisoner off to his horse. Johnson was as mad as ven-

geance at Bill, who only laughed at the ill-humor of his hostler, as he called him, reminding him that such little jobs were common to folks concerned in livery stables. After coaxing his charger to be gentle, and complaining of the manner in which he had been curried and fed, for all which neglect he blamed Johnson, Bill asked the corporal for a "leg up," and mounted. As soon as fairly settled in his seat, he commenced urging him forward, as if he were backing horse flesh "for true."

"Get up—get up, you lazy tacky!" said Bill. "I say, Mr. Hostler, give me a switch; this is a donkey 'vot von't go,' as the song says."

"I wouldn't be such a fool," said Johnson, as he paced to and fro by the side of the horse, looking sulkily at the ground without raising his head.

"Hut-tut!" said Bill, "don't be crusty, my old boy; I know you feel a little chagrined to see me so well mounted, while you are on foot, but who knows but it may be your turn next?"

"Not by a jugful," said Johnson, tartly, "I don't make such a fool of myself."

"Well, Johnson, perhaps you would make a fool of yourself; 'taint every one can bear promotion, you know."

"Oh, you're a fool, and I wish you was out of the company, for you're eternally putting some one to trouble. I needn't done a turn to-day, but for you; now I've got to

walk up and down here all day in the sun, just because you are too d—d lazy to do your share of the work."

"Don't take it so hard, my dear fellow; my Rozinante can carry double, and if you'll just stir him up with your frog-sticker there, till we come to a stump, you may get on behind."

"How smart! I wish you wouldn't talk to me."

"Well, now, I didn't mean to offend. I've seen the time I'd be glad to get a seat behind."

Thus Bill Jenkins continued to bore and gibe the surly supernumerary, until he wrought upon his choler to such a degree that he even threatened to pull him off the horse and beat him. When Johnson was relieved, "the new body-guard," as Bill called him, was harassed in like manner.

Presently the officer of the day and one or two of the commanding general's staff passed near the horse. On seeing them approach, Bill commenced patting his Rozinante on the side.

"Who-a—who-a! gentle, my bonny nag,—who-a—who-a!" said Bill, as with his left hand he raised his cap to salute them.

The officers, endeavoring not to notice him, altered their course so as to avoid approaching nearer.

"Don't be alarmed, gentlemen, he'll not kick!—who-a—who-a, gentle now! He's very tractable, even the thunder of

the Withlacoochee couldn't startle him—who-a, bonny! I would recommend him to the general himself."

The officers laughed outright and passed on.

Thus Bill Jenkins sat upon his horse like the bronze statue at Charing Cross, regardless of the penetrating rays of the sun, or the gibes and jeers of his fellow-soldiers, until evening parade, when he was released; and though I did not envy him his ride, I could not but admire the waggish *sang froid* which he exhibited in turning into sport, even the infliction of a ride, before the whole army, upon the "General's Horse."

# WHAT HAPPENED IN THE SUGAR-CAMPS

## OF THE MAHONING VALLEY.

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"MAPLE-SUGAR! what's maple-sugar?" asked my little grandson, whose attention had been attracted by a placard in a shop-window bearing these words.

"It is a kind of sugar," said I, "made from the sap of the maple-tree."

"Trees, grandpa! How can the people grind the trees?"

"They don't grind the trees, as we do the cane," I replied; "they tap them."

"Tap them!" he repeated. "How tap them, grandpa? What for?"

"To obtain the sap from which the sugar is made."

But this explanation did not satisfy the curiosity which the placard had excited, and, after I had procured for him a few small cakes of the "maple-sugar," which he declared was "as sweet as candy," I was compelled to go into a long explanation of the manner in which maple-sugar is obtained

from the sap of the maple-tree, so different from the process by which cane-sugar is made.

And this explanation carried me back half a century to the days of my boyhood, and brought up recollections of some of the happiest hours of my life spent in the sugar-camps near my native village in Ohio. How strange that a trivial circumstance should have awakened in my mind the recollection of scenes and occurrences of early childhood, as vividly as if they were of yesterday! But so it is. As we advance in life, daily passing events fade from our recollection almost with their occurrence, seemingly crowding each other from our thoughts, while the impressions of our youthful days remain indelibly impressed upon the tablets of our memory. While I write, the scenes, incidents, and pleasures of my experience in the sugar-camps of the Mahoning Valley, more than fifty years ago, are fresher in my recollection than many of the most important events of my life that have occurred within the few years past.

"Sugar-making time!" How many pleasant memories are associated in my mind with these words—memories of boyhood, of parents, family, home, in the wild West, long, long ago! But I must not indulge the reflections which these memories inspire. I have something to say about maple-sugar making, and a little story, a true story, connected therewith, to relate; and to this task I address myself, before my thoughts are driven into another, perhaps a neutralizing, channel.

What is now the flourishing city of Ravenna, at the time of which I write, about the year 1816, might have been very appropriately called a Western "white-oak opening." It was, however, called a town, and, though comprising only some twenty or thirty families, with as many hewn log and frame houses, two taverns, three or four stores, a school-house, blacksmith's shop, two doctors' and two or three lawyers' offices, shoemaker and tailor shops, claimed some importance in the new world of the Western Reserve as the county-seat of Portage County. As such, of course, it had a court-house and a jail—the former a rather pretentious, two-story, frame building, which served also for a church; the latter a substantial structure of hewn logs. The town occupied the crown of a gentle eminence, the main streets or roads leading away from the public square in the centre at right angles, in strict conformity with the points of the compass—the court-house being in the centre of the square, and so exactly upon the summit that the water which fell from the eaves on the south side flowed, through various channels, into the Atlantic Ocean, while that which fell from the north side found its way into the Gulf of Mexico. This is a notorious and not uninteresting fact, and, if the levels have not changed with everything else since that day, the rains of summer and the dissolving snows of winter take the same directions from the roof of the grander edifice which now occupies the site of the old court-house of my boyhood days.

This portion of the Western Reserve, or the "New England Western Reserve," as it was called, had received its pioneer settlers only a year or two before the breaking out of the War of 1812. Up to within a very short period before the war, the country had been occupied almost exclusively by the Indians (the name of the tribe I forget), who had, however, entirely disappeared after the close of the war, in which they had been engaged as allies of the British. The surrounding forests still contained traces of them, such as ruined huts, mounds, and graves, and the nursery was entertained with stories of their savage cruelty, while the walls of the taverns and other public places, and some private houses, were adorned with rudely drawn and gaudily painted pictures, representing scenes of the fearful massacres which they had perpetrated in the vicinity.

Small farms had been laid out for the distance of a mile or two around the town, but beyond, the country was almost an unbroken wilderness. The land was of the richest quality, and the timber extremely heavy, so that the opening of farms by the settlers, most of whom were poor and obliged to rely upon their own labor, was a slow and tedious operation. But, already the hardy pioneer had made his mark upon the primeval forest, and had begun that system of persevering, self-reliant industry, frugality, and enterprise, which was not long in converting the idle wilderness into fruitful fields, and which has since built towns and large cities, railroads, canals, and manufactories, and made

Ohio one of the wealthiest and most populous States of the Union.

In the northeasterly direction, some three or four miles from the Ravenna settlement, lay the valley of the Mahoning. This valley was densely and heavily timbered, so densely that the sunlight was scarcely ever reflected from the bosom of the small stream which gave it its name, and which, fed by numerous tributary brooklets, pursued its tortuous course to unite its crystal waters with those of the Beaver River, which flows into the Ohio. The forests of the valley comprised the usual variety of trees peculiar to this portion of the West—various species of the oak, beech, ash, hickory, walnut, poplar, birch, and maple—the sugar-maple largely predominating. Hence the valley might have been called one vast sugar-camp. As such it had been used by the Indians, traces of whose rude system of sugar-culture were still to be seen, the only visible evidences that these trackless solitudes had ever been invaded by man. There was a solemn grandeur and beauty in the wild, unbroken forest, where the thick-standing trees reared their stately trunks far above, and the interlacing branches, even when stripped of their foliage, afforded but glimpses of the blue canopy overhead. No path save the faded trail of the now departed Indian, or the dim trackway of the wild deer, traversed this vast solitude. No sound but the cry of the panther, the howl of the wolf, or the hoot of the owl, at night, or the call of the wild turkey, and the drum of the

pheasant, in the daytime, waked the echoes of those sylvan depths. Even the hunter scarcely ever penetrated the dark and trackless woods in search of game, which at that time he found in abundance nearer the settlements.

Only in the spring was the valley invaded, and then only during "sugar-making time." This occurred about the middle of March, and continued generally about three weeks, extending sometimes into April, according to the backwardness or forwardness of the season. At this season it was customary to locate what were called sugar-camps in the Mahoning Valley, and those who worked them not only made sugar enough to supply their families for the year, but a considerable surplus for sale. "Sugar-making time" was looked forward to with great interest, especially by the young, not only because it brought that most delicious of all sweet things—hot maple-sugar—but because it afforded an opportunity for the enjoyment of the novelty and freedom of camp-life in the woods. It was fashionable, too, among the families of the settlement, to go "a-sugar-making;" and the children whose fathers had no sugar-camp were esteemed especially unfortunate. The labor of sugar-making was very rough and arduous, but there was something so attractive in camp-life, that young men, who had no special fondness for hard work, were always on hand at "sugar-making time."

My father was the fortunate lessee of a very large sugar-camp, comprising about one thousand of the finest sugar-

maple trees. This camp had in former years been worked by the Indians. A tragedy had occurred there, and more than one wild legend had invested the place with a fearful interest in the minds of the ignorant and superstitious.

* * * * *

In the care of a hired man, a young German by the name of Muttinger, in whom my mother placed every confidence, I had been permitted to go to the camp, to remain till the close of the season, which was nearly spent. The camp was worked by three young men, including Muttinger, under the direction of my father, who paid it frequent visits, but rarely remained in camp over night. I staid in camp some two weeks, all of which time, until the last night, was to me one uninterrupted experience of enjoyment. I was a favorite with the young men, especially with Mr. Muttinger, who allowed me the largest liberty, and did everything in his power to make my time pass happily. He permitted me to ride on the sledge with him when he went to gather sap, showed me how to broil bacon on the end of a stick, and how to bake hoe-cakes; let me eat as much sugar as I could, made sugar-eggs and sweethearts and other sugar toys for me, allowing me occasionally to have a "stirring off" of my own, for which purpose he fixed me up a miniature boiling-place for my kettle, and took care that I had a snug place in the straw and blankets at night. Every day had its pleasures and excitements. A deer or a turkey was killed—there was

lots of sugar, lots of good eating, and lots of fun—and, surfeited with enjoyment, I went nightly to my straw and blankets to enjoy sound sleep and pleasant dreams. The only drawback to my perfect happiness was the consciousness that each day drew nearer the time for breaking up the camp.

The red buds were beginning to tip the spray of the maple trees, showing that the sugar-making season was near its close. The flow of sap had already begun to diminish, and some of the smaller camps in the valley were breaking up. The close of the season was a period of visiting and merry-making among the sugar-makers, many of whom were Germans, who had their families, wives and daughters with them, and every night there was a frolic in some one of the camps. Occasionally we had friendly visits from our neighbors, but, as a general thing, our camp was avoided, especially by the young boys and girls, in consequence of certain superstitious associations connected with its history.

I have before alluded to the fact that a mysterious tragedy had occurred in our camp. An old squaw, the wife of a noted Indian chief, who had been left alone in the camp for a short time—so the story ran—was, on the return of her friends, found dead, her head and shoulders resting in a kettle of boiling syrup. By some it was supposed that she had fallen into the kettle. But there were also suspicions of foul play, and a white man, a trapper, of

notorious bad character, between whom and the chief there existed an old feud, was strongly suspected of having murdered his wife in revenge. Shortly after the death of the squaw, the trapper mysteriously disappeared, and it was uncertain whether he had fled or had been disposed of by the Indians. The grave of the squaw, marked by a mound of earth and logs, was situated only a short distance from our boiling-place, and was passed by the sugar-makers in the twilight, or later in the night, with feelings of superstitious dread, while it was strictly maintained by many that the old squaw's ghost did not rest quietly, but roamed through the camps, especially in dark and stormy nights. Several had seen her apparition, and the stories that were related of her appearance were of the most frightful and harrowing character.

One evening two or three young men from the adjoining camps paid us a visit. After supper, while they were seated before the fire on the rough puncheon benches, enjoying their pipes and the contents of a stone jug, conversation turned on the mysterious death of the old squaw, and the strange stories that were in circulation about her spirit-wanderings through the camps. None of the party present had ever seen her ghost with their own eyes, but other persons, friends of theirs, in whose assertions they placed the fullest reliance, had seen her more than once, on dark stormy nights, riding at full speed through the thick woods, on the white horse which she rode in her lifetime, and which,

it was said, was killed and buried with her. The descriptions which they gave of her frightful appearance, and the shrieks which she uttered, as, on her phantom steed, she dashed through the dark forest, her long, grizzly hair streaming out, and her garments flapping in the wind, made my hair stand on end, and the blood chill in my veins.

It was said that the family to which the old squaw belonged were rich, and as it was the custom of the Indians to bury the personal property of their dead with them, it was generally believed that her grave contained a large amount of treasure.

"It would be a good thing," said one, "to dig up the old squaw, and get the money that they buried with her."

"And the silver bands and rings, and brooches as big as a pewter plate, that she used to wear," remarked another.

"Yes, that would be very nice; and all that silver is no good in the old woman's grave. But I'd like to see the chap that would run the risk of being haunted all the rest of his life, by digging her up!"

"Pooh! nonsense!" exclaimed Muttinger, knocking the ashes from his pipe. "Dat ish all nonsense, all fool-talk. If I be sure dere vas money in de old voman's grafe, I wouldn't mind to go for it, no more dan shmokin' mine bipe."

"But suppose her ghost was to come after you, Muttinger, what then?"

"Ghost der tuyfel! I ain'd afraid of no old voman spooks, vat scare leetle childrens in de night-time."

Muttinger had been a soldier in the war, and had, according to his account, been in many battles, and one of his weaknesses was to boast of his bravery.

A long and rather excited discussion was closed with a wager of a jug of whiskey that Muttinger would not dare, on the following day, to dig up and bring away the relics of the old squaw. This bet, having been duly ratified and attested by a general shaking of hands, the young men left for their respective camps.

On the following day, Muttinger was evidently reluctant to perform what he had undertaken, but, impelled by his bet and the hope of plunder, after vainly endeavoring to persuade others to accompany him, he braced his wavering courage with a stiff drink of whiskey, and set out alone on his sacrilegious enterprise.

An hour afterwards he returned to camp with his plunder, which consisted of an old, battered, brass kettle, a rusty rifle-barrel, some brass mountings, a tomahawk, several clay pipes, a pair of silver armlets, a number of silver rings, brooches, and other trinkets, with the jaw-bone of the old squaw, which latter he exhibited in a spirit of triumphant bravado.

The news of the robbery of the old squaw's grave soon spread among the camps, and, during the afternoon, many came to view the relics. All reproached Muttinger for

what he had done, but especially for bringing away the jawbone, which they urged him to replace in the grave. But Muttinger seemed to grow reckless under the remonstrances of his friends, and exercised his wit in ridiculing their sensibility.

"Take it back, Muttinger, if you don't want to see the old squaw's ghost this very night," said one.

"Der tuyfel!" exclaimed Muttinger; "what the old voman want mit her jawbone? She can do mitout that, just like she don't vant no more her brass kettle."

"Lookout if she don't come after it before to-morrow morning."

"Vel, maybe," said Muttinger. "Den I vill put it vere she can see it, and she don't get it if she don't climb for it."

So saying, he climbed up one of the forks of the boiling-place, and fastened the jawbone conspicuously on the top. Coming down, he laughed heartily at the idea of the old squaw's ghost climbing for the missing portion of her anatomy.

As evening approached, the visitors departed, each with a solemn warning to Muttinger to be on the lookout for a visit from the old squaw's ghost. But Muttinger was too full of whiskey to feel any apprehension of any other spirits, and only laughed at their admonitions.

That night there was to be, in the settlement, some three miles distant, a grand wedding; a wedding of the good old frontier fashion—with a ball and a supper—to which every-

body was invited. One of our sugar-makers had gone home with a sledge-load of sugar and molasses, leaving in camp only Muttinger, a young man named Wolf, and myself. Wolf was extremely anxious to go to Captain Smith's wedding, but, before he could do so, it was necessary for him to get Muttinger's consent for him to be absent for the night. To obtain this, he offered to cut all the wood necessary for the night, and made many strong appeals and tempting promises, all without effect. Muttinger was unwilling to be left alone to do all the work of the camp. Wolf, however, accidentally struck him in a tender place, and, by what he meant for reproach, accomplished what he failed to gain by persuasion.

"I see," said he, "you are afraid to stay here alone. You are afraid the old squaw will come after you."

"'Fraid, der tuyfel!" exclaimed Muttinger, starting up. "Me, a soldier who has fight enough times mit tousands live Indians! Me 'fraid of old squaw! Chop all de wood, und go und dance mit the gals, like you please. If the old squaw comes here, Villiam und me vil dance mit her."

Wolf took Muttinger at his word. He soon cut and piled, near the boiling-place, enough wood to keep the kettles boiling during the night. Then mounting the only horse left in camp, he was soon on his way to Captain Smith's wedding, not even waiting for supper, which Muttinger set about preparing.

I was very hungry, and enjoyed with a relish a slice of

bacon broiled before the fire on the end of a sharpened stick, a piece of corn hoe-cake, and a bowl of milk. Muttinger ate ravenously, and was in an unusually good humor.

As the shades of night drew on, the stars peeped out overhead, and the fire sent forth a soft, mellow radiance upon surrounding objects, lighting up the foreground of the wild scene, as it deepened the shadows beyond; while the blue smoke, mingled with the paler vapor of the boiling-kettles, and illumined with bright, red sparks, curled upward to the midnight sky. Muttinger, who seemed restless, was unusually busy about the kettles, spilling the sap which he attempted to dip from one kettle to another, and piling on the wood with unwonted prodigality. As he moved around he endeavored to keep me engaged in conversation, and, when I failed him, he whistled or sang his favorite German airs.

Fatigued with the day's exercise and enjoyment, and drowsy from the effects of a heavy supper, I was not in a talkative mood, and as I sat upon my puncheon stool, looking into the fire, watching the fantastic figures which my fancy pictured in the eddying smoke, it was with difficulty that I could keep awake. Muttinger tried every expedient to arouse me. As he was taking a drink from his brown jug, he insisted on making a toddy for me, which he said would keep me "bright avake all de vile." The sugar in it commended the prescription to my taste, and I tested its virtues pretty liberally.

Muttinger lighted his pipe and seated himself to enjoy a smoke, at the same time to entertain me with one of his stories of the war, which he knew I so much loved to hear.

"Vil you keep bright avake, now?" he asked.

"Oh, yes," I replied, "if you will tell me about the battle of Brady's Lake, where you killed so many Indians."

"Vel," said Muttinger, "you don't go to sleep, und I vil tell you all about de big fight vat ve had mit the Indians dat time. Vel, it was a bright, sthar-like night, just like to-night"— As he spoke, he raised his eyes—his pipe dropped from his hand, and his gaze seemed riveted upon the top of the boiler-pot, where the old squaw's jawbone shone in the firelight.

"Look! look!" he exclaimed, in a husky, tremulous voice.

It was either the effect of the whiskey on my imagination, or of the flickering firelight, that made the jawbone appear to me as if it were in motion.

"Oh!" said I, "it's biting at us," and I ran to our camp-bed and covered my head in the blankets.

I could hear Muttinger talking to himself, but whether in English or in his native tongue I could not tell.

The next moment he seized me by the arm and raised me to my feet.

"Don't you be a little fool cowart like dat," said he. "No old deat squaw's jawbone don't hurt you, Billy. Come, sthay mit me."

"I'm afraid," I replied. "I don't want to look at it any more."

"Vel," said he, "I vil put it vere it don't scare nobody."

He climbed up the post, and, seizing the jawbone, threw it in the midst of the fire under the kettles. Then, taking me in his lap, he endeavored to banish my foolish fears, by assuring me that when the old jawbone was burned up it could hurt nobody.

"But," said I, "Mr. Stough says the old squaw's ghost rides all over these woods on a white horse, and I'm afraid she'll come after her jawbone. It was wicked to take it from her grave, and worse to burn it up."

By this time the sky, which in the early part of the night had been clear, began to be overcast with drifting clouds, and a strong wind swept in fitful gusts among the tree-tops.

Muttinger seemed very restless and disturbed in his mind. He tried to dissipate my fears, but it was very evident that he was himself not entirely free from apprehensions of evil. He talked incoherently, took another heavy drink, and whistled and sang terribly out of tune. He relit his pipe, and made me sit by him on the bench, near the mouth of the cabin. He grew more and more restless, large drops of perspiration stood on his forehead, and at every gust of wind or strange noise, he would start almost to his feet, exclaiming, "Vat's dat?"

For myself, my superstitious fears had been wrought up

to a fearful pitch, not less by the events of the night than by the recollection of the frightful stories I had heard of the old squaw's ghost, and my only refuge was the cover of the blankets or in clinging close to Muttinger.

Muttinger, who by this time had become fearfully demoralized, sought to brace his courage by frequent draughts from his jug, and insisted on my taking another toddy.

After I had recovered from the coughing-fit which a drop the wrong way had occasioned, he slapped me encouragingly on the back, and said:

"Dat's right, Billy! Spunk up, spunk up, now, and don't never be 'fraid of spooks nor nothing. I tell you dere never vas no such tings in all de world."

Whether it was the effect of the double dose of toddy or the reassuring speech of my companion I cannot say, but I did feel a little more at ease, and was gradually becoming oblivious of the frightful imaginings that had oppressed my mind, when a shrill, unearthly scream, seemingly from the depths of the dark forest, broke upon our ears.

"Gott in himmel! vat's dat?" shouted Muttinger, springing to his feet and grasping me by the arm.

I felt each separate hair rise on end, and my heart, after a sudden bound, ceased to beat. Muttinger stood with open mouth and suspended breath, his eyes glaring wildly in the direction whence the unearthly sound came.

Another wild, blood-curdling scream, nearer than the first, caused Muttinger to spring forward, still holding to

my arm. As we reached the space between the mouth of the hut and the boiling-place, there dashed suddenly past us, in the rear of the blazing fire, a white horse bearing a gigantic female form, with flowing garments, and long white hair streaming on the wind.

I was speechless and fixed to the spot. Muttinger gave one agonized yell and bounded from me, as the phantom-horse wheeled round the camp-fire toward us, and another wild scream pierced the night. I only remember that Muttinger disappeared. I reeled to the puncheon bunk, falling upon which I plunged my head under the straw and blankets.

Whether I became suddenly insensible from fright, or the liquor I had drunk stupefied my senses, I never was able satisfactorily to determine. But in that moment ended my experiences of that fearful night. When I awoke to consciousness, it was to feel the strong grasp of some one who was endeavoring to draw me from my hiding-place, and from whom, with screams of terror, I struggled to escape.

"Why, what in the name of creation is the matter with you, Willy? Who's been here? Where's Muttinger?" were the first words I comprehended. Looking up, I found myself in the hands of John Wolf, who regarded me with utter astonishment.

Rubbing my eyes and looking round for a moment, I began to comprehend the situation. It was bright daylight.

Mr. Wolf had returned, and I was safe. The fire was out, and only the half-burned logs and chunks remained, from which the thin, blue smoke curled up into the bright morning sunlight. There was a strong smell of burnt sugar in the air, and the kettles were cold and black, some of them half-full of charred sugar. As Mr. Wolf surveyed the scene in utter dismay, he repeated his question:

"Why, what upon earth has happened? What has become of Muttinger?"

"He's carried off by the old squaw's ghost!" was the only solution I could give to the mystery; and, having by this time become wide awake, I related to Mr. Wolf the frightful events of the night as they occurred.

I had hardly finished my narrative before several persons from the adjoining camps arrived. Each had a marvellous story to relate of strange noises heard and strange sights seen in the valley during the night. One had heard the most unearthly screams; another had seen the ghost of the old squaw careering madly through the woods, on her white horse; while another told that, as he and two or three more were playing cards by their camp-fire, the phantom steed and its ghostly rider dashed almost over them, frightening the party nearly out of their senses. Others from different parts of the valley came in, each with some fearful tale of the ghostly doings of the night.

"But what has become of Muttinger?" was the general inquiry, and I was obliged to rehearse my story, as afford-

ing the only explanation of his mysterious disappearance. The fearful anxiety on that individual's account was finally relieved by the arrival of one of the Stough boys, from his father's camp on the opposite side of the Mahoning, about half a mile distant. From him we learned that about midnight Muttinger came running into his father's camp, so paralyzed with fear that he could scarcely articulate, his eyes glaring wildly, his face pale, and his clothes torn and dripping wet. In answer to their questions, he only ground out something about the old squaw's ghost, and soon fell to the ground in a hard convulsion. They forced some whiskey down his throat, rolled and rubbed him, and sent for the nearest doctor, who had been with him since daylight, but who had little hopes of his recovery.

All this not only corroborated my story, but, in the minds of the superstitious sugar-makers, confirmed the ghostly legends which had been previously current among them; and the excitement throughout the valley became intense. Fortunately, it was about the breaking up of the sugar-making season, or much loss would have been sustained by the immediate abandonment of the camps which took place. Many could not be prevailed upon to remain another night, but packed up and left that day, while those who were unable to leave so precipitately took good care not to be alone after nightfall.

Muttinger, partially restored from the effects of his fright, was sent home, but for several days was in a very precari-

ous condition. It was many weeks before he was considered to have recovered his right mind. His account of the appearance of the ghost, its pursuit of him through the woods, and his narrow escape by crossing a running stream —which he did by plunging into the half-frozen Mahoning, nearly up to his neck—was truly thrilling, and was as religiously believed by most of his hearers as by himself.

There were some incredulous persons, however, who laughed at the story of the old squaw's ghost, and gave a different explanation of the thrilling events of that memorable night. For Graves, who made the bet of a jug of whiskey with the boasting Muttinger, was known to be a most incorrigible wag and practical joker. It had been ascertained that farmer Sap's white filly was missing from the stable on that night; and it was rumored that the farmer's daughters, one of whom was Joe's sweetheart, had assisted him in getting up a ghostly costume, similar in every particular to that in which the old squaw's ghost made its night-ride through the sugar camps of the Mahoning Valley.

Joe Graves stoutly denied any knowledge of that night's doings; but this was accounted for by the fact that it would have been dangerous for him to have done otherwise—at least while Muttinger was about.

# THE BURGLARS OF IOLA.

## A FRONTIER SKETCH.

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### CHAPTER I.

It was a sultry afternoon in June. The Governor had given a small dinner party, and a select company were seated around the table, in the dining hall of the old Executive Mansion, an airy, but not very imposing structure, pleasantly situated on an elevation, embowered in shrubbery, distant about a mile east from Tallahassee. Ample justice had been done to the bountiful repast, and the gentlemen were sipping their sherry, and the ladies mincing the confections, while they listened to a rather prosy story from one of the guests.

Suddenly, a suppressed cry from one of the ladies startled the company. Following the gaze of the terrified lady, all eyes were directed towards the door leading from the rear porch into the dining-room, where stood still and statue-like a tall, gaunt, bare-legged Indian, his shoulders inclining forward with a slight stoop, and his elfin locks hanging

over, and partly obscuring the view of his face. Immediately in his rear, in the shadow of the vines that clambered over the trellis, stood another tawny half-naked form, motionless and statue-like as his companion.

Bidding the ladies not to be alarmed, the Governor rose from his seat, and turned towards the Indians in the door. As he did so, the nearest drew from his bosom a small roll of dirty brown paper, and seemingly without moving a muscle of his face, or changing the stolid expression of his countenance, said:

"Gublerner?"

"I am the Governor," said his Excellency. "What brings you here?"

"Snezer make talk me, Yohoto, fetch 'em," at the same time extending the hand in which he held the package.

The Governor received it, and, removing the brown wrapper, took from it an unsealed and rudely folded letter, which he hastily perused, while the company kept perfect silence.

The Indians proved to be runners from the Apalachicolas, a small tribe, who resided on the river of that name, distant about one hundred miles from Tallahassee, and the paper which they bore was a communication from a sutler, or storekeeper, a white man who resided among them. So soon as the Governor had mastered the rather difficult chirography, and acquainted himself with the contents of the document, he communicated the same to the company,

the purport of which was that Colonel Blount, as he was called, the chief of the tribe, had been robbed by thieves.

"Here's a job for you, sir," said his Excellency to me. "This business must be attended to immediately. Colonel Blount's house was broken open night before last, and robbed of a considerable sum of money and other property. The thieves are known to be lurking in the nation, and steps must be taken for their arrest and punishment immediately."

I could not exactly see where my duty lay in the matter, and what job for me could grow out of the circumstance.

As the company rose from the table, and adjourned to the veranda to enjoy the evening breeze, the Governor directed Old Ned, the butler, to conduct the Indians to the kitchen and see that their wants were bountifully provided for, as it was evident they were both tired and hungry.

After some time spent in conversation, during which the rights and the wrongs of the Indians were freely discussed, and much sympathy expressed for the poor old chief, and execrations of the robbers, especially by the ladies, the guests took their leave, and, entering their carriages, departed for the city.

The Governor, summoning me to his office, at once set about arranging his plans. After some deliberation it was determined that I should be dispatched to the Nation, armed with a proclamation from the Governor, offering a

reward for the apprehension of the robbers, a letter to the marshal of the Ocheese District, in which the reserve of the Apalachicolas was situated, instructing him to summon the civil officers and a posse of citizens, if necessary, and use all diligence for the capture of the burglars, and the recovery of the stolen property. The papers were to be got ready for me at once, and I was to take my departure early in the morning. For the journey as far as Aspalaga, on the Apalachicola river, I was to be furnished with a horse and light Jersey wagon, in which to take with me the Indian runners.

From Aspalaga I was to make my way to Ocheese and Iola, the Indian town, by steamer, if I was lucky enough to meet one of the river boats on her downward passage to Apalachicola, or, if I missed the boat, by canoe.

The enterprise, or adventure, was exactly to my liking, and I promptly accepted the commission, and at once set about making the necessary preparations for the trip. The balance of the evening was occupied by the Governor in preparing his proclamation, letters, and the written instructions by which my proceedings were to be governed. I set old Uncle Ned to rigging up the harness and putting the wagon in order, while I busied myself in cleaning my double-barrelled gun and pistols, preparing ammunition and rations for myself and the two Indians. I retired early to bed that I might make an early start in the morning, but so thoroughly was my mind occupied with the adventure

before me, that it was far in the night before sleep visited my eyes.

Early in the morning everything was in readiness for my departure. The horse selected for the service was a fine animal, but unfortunately rather large, both for my harness and the shafts of my wagon. My equipment consisted of a valise containing my papers and a change or two of underclothing, a double-barrelled gun, a couple of blankets, and a wooden chest, in which were contained provisions for myself and my hardy companions, the Indians, and which, occupying a position in the rear of the spring-seat of the vehicle, served as a seat for them. The Governor accompanied me to town, where I was to receive the proclamation, which had been printed during the night, and receive my final instructions. On our way to town, as we made the gentle descent to the Cascade branch, I observed that the horse held hard and seemed inclined to get away from the wagon, but as we ascended the elevation on the other side, all seemed to be right, and the matter passed from my thoughts.

At the old Planters' Hotel I found several friends, who were curious to know the purpose of my journey, and during the few minutes I had to wait on the Governor's movements, a considerable crowd gathered, attracted by my outfit and the Indians, who sat bolt upright, silent and motionless as statues, on the chest. My arrangements being completed, I bade good-bye to the crowd, and set out on my

journey. Taking the Quincy road, a hundred yards brought me to the brow of the hill, down which the rough uneven road, with deep ditches on either side, descended for a distance of some four hundred yards. As we commenced the descent, I noticed the same disposition on the part of my horse to keep away from the wagon, which he had before manifested, and which I endeavored to restrain. But all my efforts were in vain. His speed increased in spite of the exertion of my utmost strength. Rising from my seat I threw my entire weight upon the lines, but without the least effect. The horse was now in a full canter, the bright shoes of his hind feet flashing above the swingle-tree at every leap, and the little Jersey almost rising from the ground in its fearful velocity. Leaning back upon the lines, and turning my head, even in the imminent peril of the moment, I was almost forced to laugh at the ludicrous appearance of the Indians, who were evidently for the first time enjoying a ride in a wagon. Their usually stolid countenances beamed with delight. "*Chilocco incles chi!*" exclaimed one to the other, who responded with a hearty "*Eoca!*" I could but think that if they knew the "*chilocco*" was running away, and the imminent danger which threatened them, they would not be so contented with their situation, nor so decided in their good opinion of the horse. Faster and faster we sped. Bracing my feet against the front of the wagon, I made one last desperate effort to check the horse's headlong speed, when the left rein snapped and

the next moment he leaped the ditch and the fore-wheels of the wagon came in violent collision with the low bank on the opposite side. I was sensible of a terrific shock; in an instant all was chaos, confusion and darkness.

With returning consciousness, I found myself attempting to rise from the ground. A sudden and deadly pain in my breast stopped my breath, and I again sank down on the ground in the most intense agony. The pain left me as suddenly as it came, and as I drew a deep breath and looked up, I beheld my two travelling companions standing over me, regarding me with countenances so ludicrously anxious that I was forced to smile, to which they instantly responded with demonstrations of joy. First, in their half-Indian, half-English gibberish they congratuluated me on my safety, and then began to relate their own experiences. One had a severe cut in the temple, the other a large gash in his leg, and both of them had received severe scratches and bruises. They were evidently much surprised at the catastrophe, and were as unsparing of their abuse of the horse as they had been warm in his praise. "*Chilocco holanagos chi!*" grunted one; "*Enea—dam loscohicpus chi!* too much!" grunted the other, as they examined their hurts.

Rising to my feet I surveyed the wreck, which strewed the ground in every direction. In the road were the hind wheels of the wagon, entirely detached from the body, pieces of which were scattered around. A little distance off were fragments of my camp-chest—here a ham, there a

cold chicken or a loaf of bread—tin-plates, tin-cups, spoons, knives and forks were scattered about promiscuously. My fine double-barrelled gun lay in the ditch, broken off at the stock, and near it a little whiskey bottle, almost the only thing that had not shared the general smash. Some thirty yards from the road, near a large log, were the fore-wheels of the wagon, and a portion of the shafts, but no horse was to be seen. A faintness came over me, and I sat down upon a log to compose myself, while the Indians groped about among the debris after the provisions. Their eyes soon spied out the bottle of whiskey, which they brought to me. I recommended them to bathe their wounds with it. But after they had succeeded in drawing the cork, they gave me to understand that they preferred to take an internal application of it, and both helped themselves to good long drinks from the bottle.

How long I had remained insensible on the ground, I had no means of knowing. Some time must have elapsed during my unconsciousness, for no horse was to be seen in the open woods. The last I had seen of him was his flashing heels as he leaped the ditch. Looking up the road towards town, I saw several persons hurrying in my direction. They proved to be friends, who seeing the horse dashing through the streets with a portion of the harness hanging to him, concluded that some accident had happened, and had hastened to my assistance. With them I returned to town.

I discovered that I was pretty severely bruised, but I concealed my injuries as much as possible from the Governor, for fear he might determine to send some one to the Nation in my stead. It was concluded, however, to defer my journey until the next day, and to dispatch the Indians back to the Nation with copies of the printed proclamation and information that a messenger from the Governor would be there as soon as possible.

The next day, after the departure of the Indians, it so happened that Mr. Bacon, the sub-agent, came to town on some matter of business. The Governor insisted that he should accompany me to the Nation, as he was in duty bound by virtue of his office, to use his best endeavors to discover and arrest the man who had committed the robbery.

Mr. Bacon was a large, red-faced man, very fat, and without doubt one of the laziest men that ever lived. He was rheumatic and suffered from a chronic inflammation of the eyes, which he aggravated by the habitual use of whiskey. Mr. Bacon met the Governor's proposition with complaints of his bodily infirmities, which unfitted him for the exposure which he would necessarily have to endure on such a mission, and pleaded earnestly to be excused. But the Governor would take no refusal, and as it was by favor of his Excellency that the sub-agent held his sinecure, he was compelled to yield his objections.

Another small wagon, similar to the one in which I had

first set out, having been provided, Mr. Bacon and myself started the next morning on our journey, the old man in anything but a pleasant humor. His horse, which, with its owner, had been pressed into service, was a fine animal and worked well, but in the very bad condition of the road, owing to recent heavy rains, with such a dead weight of *Bacon* and accompanying baggage, the stoutest horse in Christendom would have stalled, and so did he at every hill and every boggy place, when "I, being the youngest," he said, "ought to get out and walk." Sometimes his horse, Butler, as he called him, would come to a dead halt. On such occasions I was more than compensated for the inconvenience to myself, by the amusement afforded by the unloading and reloading of Bacon which necessarily took place, accompanied as that operation invariably was with volleys of imprecations and groans, and ludicrous lamentations from my ponderous companion, who declared that he expected nothing else than to be laid up with the rheumatism for a month, for getting his feet wet. In his paroxysms he abused the Governor for sending him on "sich a cussed business," and uttered the bitterest maledictions on the heads of the infernal red-skins, who were the innocent cause of his trouble.

We got on, however, without any serious impediments, until we arrived at Aspalaga, on the Apalachicola, which we reached on the evening of the following day. Here we were to leave our conveyance and proceed by water to Iola.

Much to our discouragement, we learned that the boat in which we had anticipated going that distance, had rather *anticipated* us, and had passed down the river but a few minutes previous to our arrival. Our only alternative then was to make the best of our way down the river in a canoe, and, in the hope that we might overtake the boat, which would probably be detained at Ocheese, an intermediate town, distant about twenty miles from Aspalaga, until the following morning, we resolved to set forth immediately.

Accordingly after supper, and after Mr. Bacon had regaled himself with a little gin and sugar, which he recommended as an excellent *antifogmatic*, and in which indulgence he justified himself on the ground that there was a heavy fog on the river, we procured a canoe and pushed off. I shall never forget that night. It was just dark as we launched our little tottering barque into the broad, deep waters of the Apalachicola, which was then unusually high and rapid. As Mr. Bacon wedged his ponderous weight into one end of the canoe, *my end rose* out of the water like the bowsprit of a seventy-four, and though I had seated myself in the stern, I soon found my end of the canoe converted into the bow.

"Steady—steady, Mr. Secretary," said Mr. Bacon. "I don't half like this 'ere craft."

"True," said I, "it is a rather gincumbob sort of a thing, as Tom Tafrail would say, but I think with our ballast it is quite safe."

"Humph—safe, eh?—why, it would turn bottom-up with an ager shake; you can't trim such a thing as this 'ere, unless you chew your tobacco in the middle of your mouth."

We had but one paddle, and Mr. Bacon objected even to use that; first, because he was too lazy to use it himself; and secondly, because he feared if I attempted to propel the boat with it, I might by my efforts upset it. We therefore contented ourselves by gliding along with the current, which, to tell the truth, was not very slow travelling. We had not, however, proceeded far, before it became so dark that we could see neither shore, and scarcely could we distinguish each other as we sat in the opposite ends of the boat. It was by no means pleasant. Dark and cheerless, with nothing to break the silence of the night save now and then the hoarse bellow of an alligator, the faint rippling of the little whirlpools, or the more rapid dashing of the water as it broke over some sawyer or snag in the middle of the current. Mr. Bacon was as "dumb as the town-clock of Killarney," save when some uncommon rustling of the water denoted that a breaker was in the vicinity, when he would grunt forth with an effort: "Lookout ahead there, Mr. Secretary, or the next thing we'll be split from stem to stern by some of these 'ere d—d dancing sawyers."

I took a cigar from my pocket, and, by the assistance of a locofoco, lighted it and commenced smoking.

"Have you any more of them 'ere cigars?" asked my companion.

"I have," I replied, "best Vanillas—will you smoke?"

"Yes, thank you, if for nothing but to keep the muskeeters off."

"But you must meet me half way; if I go to your end of the boat, we'll certainly founder."

"I reckon not," said he.

But I was determined to give him some trouble, and insisted that it would not be safe to approach to his end of the canoe. He hesitated; I gave my cigar a puff, and the spicy fumes of the fragrant Vanilla rolled aft and passed his olfactories. He shrugged, gaped, then grunted, and finally made a move towards me with both hands firmly grappled to the sides of the canoe. We approached each other; the boat rocked like a cradle. "Cautious, cautious," murmured he. I passed the cigar to him; he groped for it, took it, and I gave him a light. After assuring himself that his cigar was fairly lit, he passed back my lighted cigar and commenced his retreat. In turning to go to my end, I half accidentally and half on purpose stumbled, so as to somewhat disturb the equilibrium of our boat. Mr. Bacon became terrified, tottered and fell over back, in his hurry to regain his seat, when, unfortunately, his hat became dislodged from his head, and of course tumbled into the river. Mr. Bacon's affection for his hat was so strong that he was induced to make one desperate effort to regain it, in which he nearly

upset the canoe. Fortunately, however, we only dipped a few quarts of water, and Mr. Bacon sat down in his place, cursing the cigars and lamenting the loss of his beaver. What was a little remarkable, however, he had, amidst all his terror, retained his cigar, which, in a few minutes after he regained his seat, lighted up his countenance at intervals, as he puffed, grunted, and cursed by turns. He soon became pacified, however, and tying up his head with his pocket-handkerchief, resumed his former gravity and non-communicativeness. Though I could not help but laugh whenever I saw his sullen visage and turbaned head by the light of his cigar, it was quite plain that the agent did not enjoy the joke.

We glided on. After Mr. Bacon's cigar gave out, I endeavored to induce him to accept another. But no, he was as fixed as the rudder-post of a schooner. He would not run such another risk for all the cigars in Florida. It was past midnight, and we had not yet reached Ocheese.

"Keep her to the right bank, now," said Mr. Bacon, "we might pass the town in the dark."

Accordingly I veered the course of the canoe until we could hear the water rippling among the driftwood on the right bank of the river. I became most intolerably sleepy, as well as Mr. Bacon, who now began to yawn and gape more and more. I endeavored to enter into conversation, but then I had all the talking to do myself. On no subject would he converse, and the only topic that could elicit an

observation from him was the hapless circumstance of losing his hat, which he said was entirely my fault.

We floated onward without anything remarkable occurring until about two o'clock in the morning, when we arrived at Ocheese, which place we would most probably have passed in the dark but for the barking of the dogs. As the bow of our canoe touched the shore, Mr. Bacon gave a long, deep-drawn groan, which probably he had been saving up for the last mile. We got on shore, dragged the bow of our canoe on to the beach, and after a little search, succeeded in finding lodgings. Much to our gratification we learned that the steamboat would not leave until the following day.

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## CHAPTER II.

On the following morning we took our passage in the steamboat for Iola, in company with an officer of the Ocheese district. We arrived at the Indian town, which is beautifully situated on the bank of the river, early in the day, from whence we went in company with the sutler and interpreter to the house of the old chief, who resided about a mile from the shore. The old man was heartily glad to see us, and, although much indisposed from fever, commenced, as soon as we had seated ourselves on the slabs before his door, to narrate the circumstances of the robbery.

A few days previous to the night on which the robbery was committed, Colonel John Blount had received a large sum of money from the government, in compliance with the terms of the treaty which had been made with his tribe for their removal to Texas. Of this fact his white neighbors had gained intelligence by some means, and they determined to possess themselves of the treasure at all hazards. Luckily for the life of the old chief, business had called him from home that night, for it was evidently the intention of the robbers to murder him. They broke down the door of his lodge with an axe, entered the house, and rushing to the bed, cut and stabbed it in every direction, until satisfied of the absence of their intended victim; then seizing the two trunks which they were aware contained the treasure, as well as everything else of value which the old chief possessed, they departed. There were three robbers concerned in the transaction,—Oaks, Rawls, and Strafford; the latter of whom was a thief of some considerable notoriety on the frontiers of Georgia, previous to his removal to Florida, where he was not less renowned for his many acts of daring villany.

The wife of Colonel Blount, who happened to be the only person in the house, except two children, who slept under the bed, saved her life by springing from the bed before the robbers entered, and secreting herself between it and the wall, where she remained until they departed. She knew the individuals well, and could not be mistaken as to their

identity, for it was not their first intrusion. After learning the details of the affair from the old chief himself, we examined the door and bed. The door had been split from its hinges, and the mosquito-bar bore evident marks of violence.

"This is too bad!" remarked the officer to the sutler, a rather hard-favored man, who resided in the Nation, and who had married an Indian wife. "This is too bad! The perpetrators of this outrage should be brought to justice. But I fear our chance is but a poor one, for if we catch them, which is very doubtful, unless we find the property in their possession, there is no evidence to convict them."

"They ought to be hung on suspicion, then," said he, "for a set of more audacious rascals never went at large."

"You know them, then," said I?

"To be sure I do," replied the sutler; "didn't I save one of the d—d rascal's lives night before last!"

"Night before last?" inquired the officer; "then you have seen them since they committed the robbery?"

"Oh, yes, and it is only since they got wind of your coming that the other two devils have disappeared from the settlement."

"What!" I replied, "have they the effrontery to show themselves in the Nation even after the perpetration of such an outrage?"

"Yes; Strafford was at my store the morning after the robbery was committed, and swore that he would take the

life of the first Indian or any one else who dared to assert that he had a hand in it. But, I reckon he'll not bully about this tan-yard in a while again."

"Then, you think he has fled for good, do you?" said Mr. Bacon, and his countenance brightened up with hope.

"I think he's bled for good. If he ain't out of trouble by this time, then I'm no surgeon."

"What do you mean, Mr. Sutler?" I inquired; "I don't comprehend you."

"Well, I see you haven't heard all the particulars of the business, so I'll tell you all about it. You must know the next morning after the robbery, Strafford came down to the store and bullied about there all day. A great many Indians were there also, and every one of them was satisfied that Strafford had been concerned in the robbery of Colonel Blount, but none dared to say so in his hearing. Strafford knew they suspected him, and was mighty quarrelsome all day. Towards night he got into a quarrel with an Indian nigger, and struck him. The nigger ran, and Strafford after him, until the nigger drew his knife and cut Strafford twice in his left arm; then Strafford ran, and the nigger gave chase and cut him again in the back, rather severe for his comfort. Strafford ran into my store, and was so badly hurt that he begged me to give him a bed, and send for his wife. Well, I couldn't turn the fellow out of doors, though he had threatened to cut my throat not an hour before, so I let him lay down in the back room, and sent for

his wife, as he requested. It was now pretty near dark. "For God's sake," said Strafford, "tie up these 'ere cuts, or I shall bleed to death." I wouldn't be very sorry for that, thought I; but still I couldn't help feeling a little sorry for him, seeing he was so tamed, so I got some bandages and commenced binding up his wounds while the Indians were yelling and talking very loud outside the house. While I was stooping over him, bang comes a pistol-shot through the chinks of the wall. "My God!" groaned Strafford, "they've shot me. Where's my wife?" He wasn't mistaken about it. The ball struck him in the left shoulder, but unfortunately took but little effect. Although I had hoped my trouble was at an end, I had to bind up his new wound, and while I was doing it he fell to begging me to keep the Indians off, for he was hurt to death. I went to the door, as he requested, but I hadn't left him a second, before crack comes a rifle-shot through the window. I heard Strafford groan. "Oh, they've killed me," said he, and I was really in hopes that he had told the truth for once in his life. I told the Indians to go away, that they had killed him, and they went away satisfied. I then returned to Strafford and found the devil still alive, though the last shot had been well aimed, and had struck him in the breast. Shortly after his wife came in, and commenced dressing his last wound. She staid all night with him, and I sat up all night to keep her from stealing. In the morning his brother came down with some more of the gang,

and carried him home, where he is at this time, if he is not dead, which is more than probable."

"Poor devil," said Mr. Jones, the officer, "pity, but he has come to the end of his rope."

"Yes," grunted Mr. Bacon, "it will save a deal of trouble and expense if he is dead."

I listened to the statement of the sutler with no common feelings. Although I knew Strafford to be a consummate villain, I could not but feel sorry for him, just because no one else pitied him. That he had committed the robbery I had not a doubt, but then to be hunted and shot like a dog, and to have even his surgeon hope for his death, I could not but pity his situation.

"What are the latest accounts from the other thieves?" I inquired.

"On the return of the runners from Tallahassee, they took the hint, and are among the missing," said the sutler. "It is rumored that Rawls has gone down the river on one of the steamboats, and that Oaks is still skulking about the Nation. Immediately after the robbery intelligence was sent to the marshal of the district below, and he is expected up in to-day's boat. If he comes we shall probably hear from Rawls."

As the boat was hourly expected, it was proposed to go down to the store and await its arrival. We had not waited long before the boat arrived, and with it the marshal. As we anticipated, Rawls had been arrested and sent to Apalachicola.

The marshal, whom I shall call Mr. Jordan, was a marshal to all intents and purposes, and was just the man we stood in need of. He was a short, thick, stout, hard-visaged, thorough-going sort of man, and one who feared nothing human. He was a terror to all land pirates, few of whom ever escaped him, if once he got upon their track. Mr. Bacon was delighted at his arrival, and hailed him with a cordial shake of the hand.

"Ah," said he, "I'm right glad you've come, Mr. Jordan, we'll have little more to do now."

"Oh, ho!" said Mr. Jordan, "you're here, are you, old stick-in-the-mud! Why, I didn't expect to see you here in a fortnight, at least."

"Oh, you know it was my duty to come and do all I could to catch these 'ere robbers."

"Exactly; well, what have you done?"

"Why we haven't done much yet; we only got here this morning."

"Well, Mr. Sutler, what's the latest news respecting those housebreakers?"

So soon as the marshal learned Strafford's condition, he said he would pay him a professional visit immediately.

"S'pose we wait till morning, Mr. Jordan," said Mr. Bacon. "It's some ways to Strafford's house."

This delay would not suit the marshal. He was determined to see Strafford immediately. The sutler furnished three ponies, and in company with the marshal and my-

self, rode out to see Strafford. We found him at the house of his brother-in-law. He lay upon a miserable bed, and as much resembled a dead as a living man. Mr. Jordan went up to the bed and, touching him upon the shoulder, informed him that he was his prisoner. Strafford was too far gone to notice us. A faint groan was his only reply.

"I think you might let him die in peace," said a miserable, half-clad, squalid-looking creature, who claimed to be his "sister dear," and who now approached the bed, and attempted to cry.

"Don't be alarmed, good woman, I'll not hurt him," said Mr. Jordan.

"Oh, I know you," she replied; "you've come here to carry my poor brother to jail, 'cause some of them infernal red-skins has been telling a pack o' lies on him, so they has; but he's as innocent as I is, so he is. But he'll soon be out of their reach, so he will."

"Don't get into a passion, gentle creature; it don't become you," said Mr. Jordan, with a look that spoke how little he regarded her eloquence.

"That's jist like you," sobbed the woman; "a body couldn't expect no better from the likes o' you. You ought to be ashamed of yourself, so you ought, to be mislisten a poor man on his dying bed."

After examining Strafford minutely, Mr. Jordan consented to allow him to remain where he was, on the assurance of his brother-in-law and sister, that they would sur-

render him up so soon as he was able to leave his bed, and we departed.

"Do you think he'll live, Mr. Jordan?" inquired I, soon after we left the house.

"Live! to be sure he will; nothing but a hemp cravat will ever kill that devil. Shooting is nothing for him; he's had as many ball-holes in his skin as he's got fingers and toes."

"Those wounds are severe," said the sutler, "but he's an alligator, every inch of him."

"He looked like a corpse," said I, "and I noticed that, when he breathed, bloody froth came from that wound in his breast."

"I saw that too," said Mr. Jordan, "but notwithstanding, I wouldn't be much surprised if he made his escape before this time to-morrow."

"We'd better set old Bacon to watch him," remarked the sutler.

"Set him to watch!—set a toad to watch a hoe-cake," said Mr. Jordan.

We arrived at the store about sundown, where the sutler's Indian wife served us up a pretty good supper, after which we listened to a rehearsal of the robbery, and the transactions subsequent to it. Mr. Bacon had found lodgings with the interpreter, and Mr. Jones at the house of the old chief, and lucky was it for him that he had, for

he would have had business on his hands had he remained at the store.

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## CHAPTER III.

We were seated on the porch before the door of the store smoking our cigars, when an Indian negro came to inform us that Oaks, with his mother and Strafford's sister, were quartered for the night at Strafford's house, distant from the store about three miles.

"Are you certain it was Oaks you saw?" inquired Mr. Jordan of the negro.

"Yes, massa; me see 'm mysef."

"Let me have a horse, Mr. Sutler," said Mr. Jordan; "if he is not caught to-night, he'll not be found to-morrow."

The sutler did not like to leave his store at night, and recommended that the marshal should call on those at Colonel Blount's to accompany him. But Mr. Jordan was not inclined to ride three or four miles out of his way to get assistance to take one man.

"Never mind," said he, "if this boy will go along for company's sake, I'd rather old Bacon should not be disturbed in his sleep, for all the service he'd be."

"Boy," thought I; "but I'll go to convince him that

I'm not the boy he takes me for. Let me have a pony, too, Mr. Sutler," said I, "and I'll go with Mr. Jordan, with pleasure."

"That's right," said Jordan. "But you must tote a pair of pistols, youngster, and if you have occasion to shoot, don't shut both eyes."

I felt rather squeamish at this, for I was aware that we were to deal with a gang of desperate outlaws; but I contrived not to betray my fears, and since I had volunteered to go, determined to go resolutely.

A few moments were spent in preparation, and Mr. Jordan and myself took our departure fully armed and equipped.

There was no moon, and by the time we reached Strafford's house it was quite dark, so that our approach could not have been discovered until we were within hearing distance. The house stood in a small inclosure and was built of hewed logs. We dismounted, tied our horses to the fence, and then approached the house. All was still—no light was to be seen, nor a sound to be heard. Mr. Jordan, after cautioning me not to speak, approached the door and knocked. Thump, thump, thump, went his fist against the door, but no one answered.

"Holloa the house!—holloa!" called out Mr. Jordan at the top of his voice.

Still no reply.

"Holloa, I say, open the door," said Mr. Jordan; then listening a few seconds with his ear close to the door, he

turned to me and said he thought he heard footsteps on the floor.

"Go round to the other side of the house," whispered Mr. Jordan, "and see if there is a door on that side. Step lightly, and return and let me know."

After ascertaining that there were two doors to the house, I returned for further orders.

"Go back," said he, "and take your station near the door, and do as I direct you, but do not speak until I address myself to you."

"Do you think he's in there?" I asked.

"I'm certain some one's there, and I'm inclined to think Oaks is there, or they would open the door. There may be half a dozen, and I do not wish to let them know our force until I ascertain something farther about them."

Accordingly I took my station at the door.

"Come, come, now, open the door and give me a bed by the fire," resumed Mr. Jordan. "I'll pay well for my night's lodging."

"Who are you?" squalled a female voice, which, from its cracked tone, we took to be that of old Hecate herself.

"I'm a lone chap who has got lost in the woods."

"Well, you must keep on," replied the voice, "there's no one here but me and my daughter, and I'll warrant you I'm not gwain to let a strange man in the house."

Mr. Jordan pleaded strongly for admission, but without effect.

"Well," said he, "if you won't let me in, you certainly can't object to my sleeping on your porch."

"Yes, but I will, though," replied the voice. "You'd better be off, now, I tell you, 'cause if my husband comes home and finds you here, it's a chance if you ever go away alive."

"I'll risk that," said the marshal; "I'll warrant your husband's a cleverer fellow than you are. So, since you won't act like a Christian and open the door, I'll knock no more, but make the best I can of the soft side of a puncheon till morning."

The old woman raved at a tremendous rate; she swore if he did not go away, she would shoot, scald, burn, and play the mischief with him. The marshal endeavored to pacify her, then aggravated her, then laughed at her, and finally quarrelled with her because she would not let him sleep. The old woman became more and more uneasy; it was plain that she suspected us, and unfortunately for our scheme, I was, at just about this stage of the game, seized with an irresistible desire to sneeze, which in spite of all I could do betrayed my presence to the inmates of the house. The sneeze did not escape the notice of the old woman, and, though the marshal swore it was nothing but a cat, which like him, being shut out of doors, had taken cold, she was not to be deceived.

"I know you, you sneakin', skulkin' scoundrels. There's a gang of you now prowlin' about a lone woman's house.

But I've found you out. You've come here after my son, but thank God, he's out of your reach, so he is. You'd better go home."

"Well, old woman, you're about half-right," said Mr. Jordan, "so just unbar your door and let us be satisfied that he's not with you, and we'll go home."

"Now, I'll stick you up with opening the door, won't I! Go home, I tell you! If you was any kin to decent white folks you'd be ashamed to disturb anybody so. But you may stand there and bawl till you're tired. I'll not let you under my roof, that's what I won't."

The old woman now pretended to go to sleep. Mr. Jordan couldn't get a word from her. The novelty of the adventure kept me wide awake, but the marshal, who was something of a vocalist, either for his own amusement, or for the annoyance of the old woman, indulged in singing songs:

"There's meetin's of pleasure, and partin's of grief,
But an inconstant lovyer is worse nor a thief:
A thief he will rob you, and steal all you have,
But an inconstant lovyer 'll take you to the grave."

"I know what you're hintin' up, you old screech-owl, you; but I reckon if the truth was known, you're as big a thief as anybody," interrupted the old woman.

Mr. Jordan resumed:

"O, let me in this aye night,
O, let me in this aye night," etc.

The old woman acted 'possum for some time, but finally her temper got the better of her, and she broke forth:

"You mean, stinkin', white Ingin devils, you, go home!"

"We won't go home till morning,
We won't go home till morning,
We won't go home till morning,
Till daylight doth appear."

This was not to be borne; the old woman broke forth in a torrent of abuse, by far excelling anything I ever heard before or since, to which Mr. Jordan replied by singing:

"Pray, Goody, please to moderate the rancor of your tongue,
Why flash those sparks of fury from your eyes?
Remember when the judgment's weak, the prejudice is strong,
A stranger why will you despise?
Ply me, try me,
Prove ere you deny me," etc., etc.

Finally, finding that the marshal paid no regard to her, the old woman became silent, and Mr. Jordan continued his medley until his attention was arrested by the noise of footsteps within the house. He listened for a few moments and all was still, but when he resumed his song the noise was heard again. He hummed a tune for awhile in an undertone, and after a short pause, called out to me:

"Look out there, gentlemen, on the other side. He's trying to crawl out at the chimney-top. The moment you see his head against the sky, pull trigger on it!"

The next moment I could distinctly hear some one clambering down the chimney.

"That's right," said Mr. Jordan, "you'd stand a bad chance coming out at the chimney-top. A whiter man than you would show against the sky."

"I reckon a body can make up a fire in their own house," said the old woman, "without being shot for it."

"Go to bed, old Meg," said the marshal, "it's not time to make a fire yet these two hours."

"I'll not ax you, you drotted thief!" replied the old dame. "You won't let a body sleep, so I'm gwain to sit up till morning."

I was now satisfied that the object of our pursuit was within, and of course "opened my eyes tight," and listened attentively to every noise within the house. The old woman continued thumping about the house, apparently endeavoring to make all the noise she could, as if she wished to engross our entire attention. But Mr. Jordan was too wide awake for her. He heard in spite of all her clatter a slab of the floor raised.

"Look out there, gentlemen, they're letting him out under the floor. Keep a sharp lookout, and shoot him if he attempts to escape."

"Never fear us," I replied. "We heard the plank move, and are on the lookout for him."

"Stand a one side," said Mr. Jordan, after a short pause,

I think I see his stilts sticking through the floor, and I'd like to sprinkle them with a few buck-shot."

"My God!" squalled old Meg, "don't shoot under there, you'll kill all my geese!"

And the next moment a noise like that of a man springing on the floor was distinctly heard.

"Well, don't let your geese stick their legs through the floor," said Mr. Jordan, "for of a dark night like this, it is not easy to tell a goose from any other two-legged animal."

Daylight was now fast approaching, and it was evident to all concerned, that the game was about to be blocked. The old woman raved for a while, but finding that all she could say could not dislodge the marshal from his post, she became quiet, and we could hear nothing but a low whispering and a slight rustling within the house. It was evident that some new scheme was about to be adopted, but what it was was not easy to divine. The east was already gray, and I felt that the important crisis was about approaching. My contemplations were of a serious character. It might be that there were more than one in the house, and when daylight should discover to them our meagre force, might they not overpower the marshal; and then the old woman might eat me alive, or her son might shoot me with my own pistols. I awaited the next move of the marshal with some little agitation, and was not sorry that the house was between, so that he could not detect me.

But a few minutes more elapsed and it was quite light. The old woman now commenced to unbar the door.

"I reckon," said she, "you'll not shoot me if I go to get some wood for my fire."

"You can't go yet," said Mr. Jordan in a very stern tone. "You'll catch your death if you go out in the dew so early."

"And what's that to you, you oudacious varmit!" said old Meg, as she was about to step out on the porch, at the same time pulling the door shut after her.

"Go in, you old hellian!" said the marshal in an angry tone.

"Did you ever see such insurance!" squalled old Meg. She paused for a moment, then muttering curses between her toothless gums, she sprang for an axe which lay upon the porch. The marshal set one foot upon the handle of the axe, then drawing a pistol from his belt pointed it with a grim look at her head,—

"Do you see that, you old hag? Go in and be quiet until I permit you to go after wood, or I'll spatter your brains against the door-sill."

There was something in the manner of the marshal that awed even old Meg, and she went into the house muttering. Next came the girl, who likewise wanted to go after wood. A look from the marshal, however, was a poser for her, and she shrank from the door.

It was by this time quite daylight. Mr. Jordan beckoned

(252) "Good morning, to your night-cap."

me to come round, and we opened the door and walked in, pistols in hand, when, not at all to our surprise, we found the gentleman over whom we had kept such faithful watch the whole night seated on the side of a miserable-looking bed, dressed in woman's clothes.

"Good morning to your nightcap," said Mr. Jordan, approaching him and laying his hand upon his shoulder. "As I have a little business with you, I'll trouble you to accompany me to the store this morning." Then turning to old Meg, who was calling us all the hard names in her vocabulary, and out of whose reach I took good care to keep,

"Ah ha! old Meg, I've caught your goose at last; you couldn't get him out of the chimney-top, through the floor, nor in petticoats. Well, I've always heard you were a tartar to come up to; but, Meg, to say the truth, I don't think you're the woman you're cracked up to be."

I need not say that old Meg retorted in a style becoming a woman of her character. She cursed the marshal for everything she could think of. Then turning to me she said I was a pretty little bantam, to be strutting about with pistols in my belt, and swore she could run a regiment of such things with her broomstick. The marshal laughed at her, and for my part, so she kept her hands off, I little regarded her raillery.

The old woman wanted to put her son down the plank in the floor and to change his clothes, but the marshal would not wait; so tying his prisoner's hands behind his back,

we mounted our horses and set off for the store with Mr. Oaks between us in his mother's best frock and cap. On our arrival at the store, the Indians pressed around to see the *este hoketucky*, and many were the jokes in which they indulged at the expense of our prisoner.

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## CHAPTER IV.

SHORTLY after our arrival at the store, we were joined by Mr. Bacon, and those who had found quarters for the night at the house of the old chief. As the morning advanced, several of the settlers in the vicinity of the Indian town, who had been attracted by the Governor's proclamation, also came to our assistance. Mr. Bacon was delighted with our success, and expressed his regret that we did not afford him an opportunity of participating in the adventure. Our prisoner was exceedingly chopfallen, and assuming an air of frankness, quite at variance with his calling, confessed his guilt. He persisted in representing himself as an injured innocent, or as he expressed it, a "deluded young man," who had been inveigled from the path of rectitude by the infamous Strafford, who he averred had not only almost forced him to become his accomplice, but what was still more infamous in his eyes, had

cheated him in the division of the plunder. He gave us all the particulars of the robbery, and offered to surrender his share of the money and goods if we would send an escort with him to his home, which was distant from the store some six or eight miles. It was finally arranged that Mr. Bacon, with four of the young men who had volunteered their services, should go with Oaks to his house and obtain the property, while a second party were to visit Strafford to inquire after his health, leaving the marshal and me to snatch a little sleep on the sutler's cot. Horses were soon in readiness, and Mr. Bacon, with his prisoner well pinioned, set off at the head of his escort, certainly manifesting more life and animation than he had since he left Tallahassee.

Old Meg, who had in the meantime made her appearance at the store, mounted on her pony, now joined the cavalcade, much to the annoyance of Mr. Bacon, who seemed very desirous of avoiding any collision with a woman of her well-known prowess. The marshal laughed as he saw the fat old gentleman cut his suspicious eye at the withered old hag.

"See how Mr. Bacon rides round old Meg," said he, as they moved off. "I wouldn't be surprised if the old woman outgeneralled him yet."

We had perhaps slept a couple of hours, and I was dreaming of a grand combat with old Meg in a black cave, in a gloomy forest! I had fired two pistols at her, still she did not fall! I attempted to escape, but the door was

barred. With one skinny hand she grasped me by the hair, with the other she brandished a ponderous knife all covered with blood! Her red eyes gleamed upon me, and her cracked voice screeched in my ear, "I've got ye now!" In another moment she would sever my head from my shoulders! I tried to call for help, but my breath was gone—I could not speak! What would have been the result of the horrible encounter I have yet to dream, for just at this painful crisis Mr. Jordan came to my assistance, and slapping me heartily upon the shoulder, exclaimed, "Get up, my little bully! here's more work for us."

On recovering my bewildered senses I learned that the party who had been sent to ascertain if Strafford was yet alive, had returned and reported "*non est inventus*," as the sheriff would say. On arriving at the house where we had left him the evening previous, they found the place entirely abandoned. Not a soul remained, and they were obliged to return without being able to give us the slightest intelligence respecting the object of their search. From a man who had come to the store that morning on business, we learned that he had met Strafford on his way, mounted on a horse, and armed with a gun and pistols, and that he told our informant in reply to his inquiries, that there was a party after him, to take him for a robbery which he never committed, and that he was determined not to be taken alive.

"He said he wouldn't be taken alive, eh?" inquired the marshal.

"Yes," replied the stranger, "he said he had been cut and shot all to pieces by the Indians, and that he'd be d——d if he didn't shoot the first man that attempted to put hands on him."

"Well, we'll give the fellow a chance to try his pluck. It's immaterial to me whether I take him to Tallahassee as a live pork or a dead hog."

Mr. Jordan then questioned the stranger, with a view of ascertaining where it was most likely Strafford had gone. No intelligence, however, of a satisfactory nature could be drawn from him, and as no time was to be lost, the marshal, after formally summoning the new-comer to make one of the party, prepared to start in search of his absconded prisoner.

With a view of instituting a thorough search for Strafford, the marshal divided his force, which now consisted of some ten or twelve men, each armed with a gun and well mounted, into two parties; one of which, under the direction of the interpreter, proceeded to search the woods and swamps below the town, where it was known that Strafford had some friends among the settlers, while the other, under the guidance of the marshal, set off in the direction of the place where he had been seen that morning by our informant. My eagerness for adventure would not permit me to remain behind, although the fatigues and exposure of the past night

had rendered me much better qualified for the bed than the saddle. On our way to the lagoon, near which there were some old deserted cabins, in which it was supposed Strafford would take refuge, we had to pass near to Colonel Blount's house. On arriving opposite the old chief's wigwam, the marshal desired the party to halt until he should procure three or four Indians to accompany us, to serve in trailing out the object of our search. I rode with Mr. Jordan to the shanties, which stood but a few hundred yards from the road, where we soon obtained three Indians, and returned. On reaching our party we missed the stranger, who we were informed had desired to ride on in advance until he reached his home for the purpose of bathing his eyes, which he said were sore, promising to be ready to accompany us to the lagoon place, on our overtaking him. The marshal shook his head.

"My suspicions are confirmed," said he, "and our chance of taking Strafford is now but a sorry one."

"Why so?" inquired one of the party.

"Why, the fellow whom you have let escape you, I am quite sure, is no better than Strafford. He will gain sufficient time by his *ruse* to inform Strafford of our approach, who, if he once escapes into the lagoon, will be out of our reach, and we might as well waste our time looking for a needle in a haystack."

"I think he's hardly as mean as that," said one.

"I had my suspicions before," replied the marshal,

"and now I am quite sure his business to the store this morning was only that of a spy. But there is no time to be lost; put whip to your horses and follow me, and he shall have but little time to put his designs into execution, if he is as treacherous as I suspect him to be."

So saying, the marshal dashed off at full gallop, and we all followed, leaving the Indians, who were on foot, to ply their shanks' horses as best they might.

Half an hour's ride brought us to the man's house, where we found him all alone, sitting in his porch. He stated that he felt too unwell to accompany us, but directed us to the old houses, which were only about a mile distant. Mr. Jordan spent no time in words, though his eye flashed as he regarded the individual, of whom his worst suspicions were now confirmed.

"All haste, men!" said he, and off we started in the direction of the lagoon, with the Indians, who had overtaken us, close at our heels. The dilapidated old buildings were soon in sight. A halt was ordered, and the men disposed in such manner as to cut off all retreat from the buildings. At an appointed signal we all approached, riding up from every direction to the spot, when we dismounted, fastened our horses and entered the ruins. But the bird had flown. Abundant signs of recent occupancy were discernible, the character of which left no doubt on our minds that Strafford had been there. In one building was a bed of moss, and strewed around upon the floor were several bloody bandages.

In another was a bag of corn, and the recent tracks of a horse, which might be traced to some distance in the direction of the lagoon. The Indians were present, and evinced much of their native cunning and skill, in tracing out facts from signs and appearances, developing in one instance a method of chronological calculation, quite novel in its character, and certainly peculiar to themselves. Upon the floor were several marks of tobacco-spittle; these attracted the attention of the Indians, and after examining them minutely, and observing the rays or sharp projections of ambia which usually shoot forth from the main body as it falls upon an even surface, and carefully noting the degree in which they were absorbed by the wood, they were enabled to compute the time to a fraction since the last spittle had fallen upon the floor. They asserted with great confidence that Strafford had not been gone more than fifteen minutes before our arrival. The Indians found no difficulty in tracing the tracks of the horse in one direction, and those of men in another, until the latter reached the lagoon. Further it was impossible to follow, without the aid of a canoe, as the water, which inundated a cypress swamp of several miles in extent, was in places very deep. A canoe had doubtless been brought up from the river by some of Strafford's gang, in which he had effected his escape.

With a rueful countenance the marshal abandoned the pursuit, and we directed our course towards the Indian town. As we passed the house of the man who doubtless

had thwarted our efforts to recover our prisoner, we found it vacant; the guilty scamp had secreted himself, doubtless fearing to meet the indignant marshal. And it was well for him that he was not found, for Mr. Jordan held that lynch law was an excellent remedy "in certain cases made and provided," and was as ready to execute a writ from that as a higher court.

It was late in the evening before we reached the store. Mr. Bacon came running out to meet us as we dismounted.

"Whar's Strafford?" he eagerly inquired.

"Gone to ——," replied Mr. Jordan, in a crabbed voice. "Did you get the money?"

"Em—eh—no," stammered Mr. Bacon.

"The devil you didn't! Where's Oaks?"

"Why he's gone too."

"Gone!—gone where? You certainly didn't let him get away when you had his arms tied behind his back, did you?"

"Why, that old woman—"

"I thought so," interrupted Mr. Jordan, "the old woman was too much for you. Just what I expected."

"But, Mr. Jordan, don't you know—"

"Yes, I do know you're not the man to be trusted with a prisoner and a woman like—"

"That 'ere old she-devil. You don't think, Mr. Jordan, that I could be—"

"Bamboozled out of your prisoner," interrupted Mr. Jordan in return.

Mr. Bacon assumed a very indignant attitude, and running both hands into his pockets, fastened his oyster eye upon the marshal.

"Now, Mr. Jordan, you don't mean to insinewate anything injurious to my character, because—"

"Well, how was it, then, Mr. Bacon,—how did it happen?"

"Why, I'll tell you. Arter we started from here this morning, we all rode along quiet enough until we got 'most there. Oaks said his arm hurt him, and wanted us to let him loose. Well, he talked so good I thought we mought as well do so, and we untied his hands. When we got near the house, the old woman rode on ahead a little, and got in the house before we got there. Oaks was before the rest, and was walking up to the house just as I was getting off my horse. The boys were tying their horses, when what should we see, but the old woman jump out of the door with a double-barrelled gun and give it to her son, who broke like a quarter-horse for the swamp, which was close by. As soon as she gave Oaks the gun she run back into the house and hollered out, 'Fire on the d—d rascals!' and I'll swar I saw three guns sticking through the chinks."

"Bah!" exclaimed the marshal.

"The boys," continued Mr. Bacon, not minding the interruption, "all took after Oaks, as I thought, and just as I was puttin' my leg over my horse to follow, out comes the old woman with a big stick, and tuck me a pelt aside of

my head that knocked me clean over t'other side, and before I could get out of the tanglements, she give me two or three licks that liked to knock the breath out of me, and then run off."

"You let her whip you, then, and you had a gun!" exclaimed the marshal, unable any longer to repress his laughter.

"I had sot my gun down by a tree, and while I was catching my horse, the old critter must have stole it."

"And you lost your gun in the bargain!"

"Why, arter I got out of the old vixen's clutches, I looked about and the boys were all gone, so I didn't go back."

Only one of the party who had accompanied Mr. Bacon was present, who excused his own conduct on the ground that the balance of the party all ran for life as soon as they saw the old woman with the gun. He stated that he endeavored to rally them, but when they heard old Bacon shouting murder, they hurried off, leaving him for dead. The marshal was exceedingly vexed at the fortunes of the day, but when he heard the poor old man's tale, and beheld his scratched countenance and torn coat, which was split up to the collar, he could not but laugh at all that had passed.

Another day was passed in useless search for Strafford and Oaks, and on the following morning I took my departure in the steamboat for Aspalaga. On my arrival home I gave his Excellency a detailed account of all that had

transpired. After hearing me patiently to the end he exclaimed:

"Well, I must say you have made a pretty mess of it, indeed! Pity but you had drowned old Bacon when you had him in the canoe."

Thus ended our crusade against the *Burglars of Iola*, neither of whom was ever taken, though one of them was afterwards shot, somewhere in Georgia, while in the act of stealing a horse. A representation of the affair was made to the government, and I believe Colonel Blount was fully indemnified previous to his removal to Texas, where he died a few years since.

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